July 27, 1979 #114

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RAM

THE ANGELS
The new Centurians of Rock 'n' Roll.

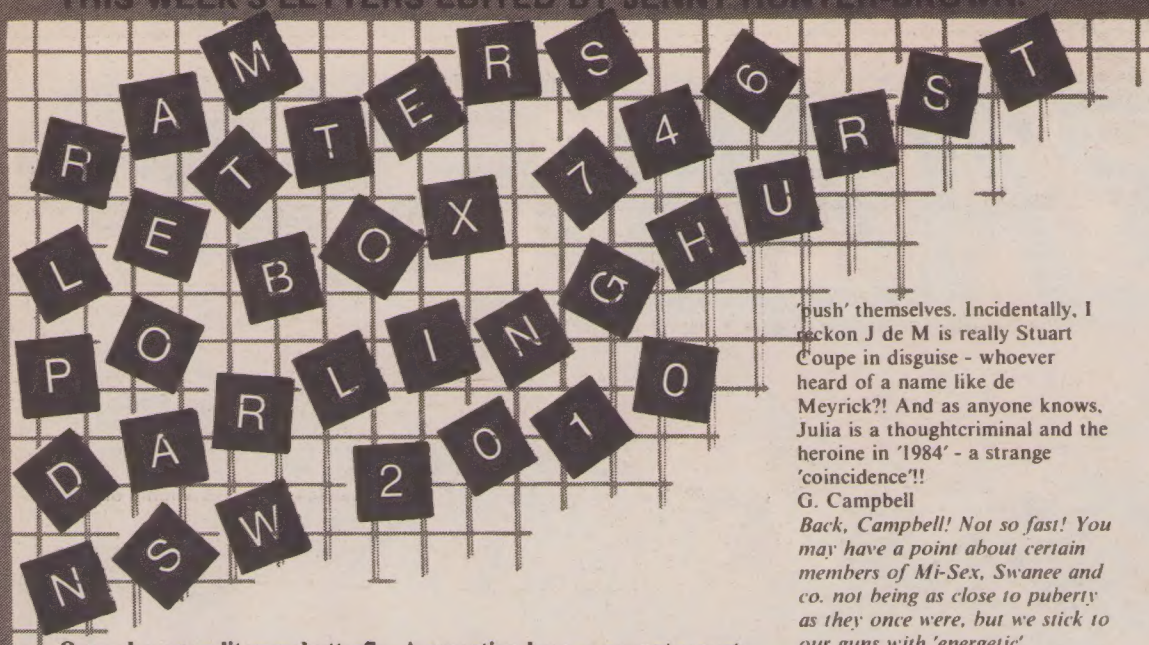
BRYAN FERRY
In Defence of Posing.

XTC
They Are Pop!

KEEF RICHARDS & RON WOOD
The New Barbarians.

DOLLY PARTON
Country Glitz.

Flowers .. Robert Palmer .. Elvis Costello .. Jimmy and the Boys .. Australian Crawl .. Pere Ubu .. UK .. Devo .. Patti Smith



Once she was a literary butterfly. A reception here, a superstar party there, even a Famous Name on the arm now and then. But now she felt the urge to shoulder a more fearsome responsibility. Still, there was a slight pause of apprehension as she rang Benevolent Ed. Would he.... could she?? Ah, what the Flaming Countdowns, she'd ask. "Can I do the Letters Page?" (boldly). Benevolent Ed stopped reading holiday brochures long enough to throw her a dossier. It read RAM READER'S LETTERS - HIGHLY DANGEROUS - HANDLE WITH CARE. She perched on the edge of a desk and started to read.....

CLOSING IN

Ever since the night I accidently discovered The Angels, their music has become such an important part of my life. That may say something about my life, but to me it says something about the power of this band. I could rave on about what they look and sound like, but I'm trying to understand what they're actually doing to our minds. Their approach is different, they're not (visibly) on the star trip, and without saying a work they're at the top. But being Australian, I suppose their days are numbered - so I hope they go overseas and slaughter 'em.

I took a couple of people to see them Saturday night here in Melbourne, with the new songs and new show, and if effect is the name of the game, it was as good as any concert I've seen. Two things happened that night - some idiot threw something that hit Doc in the eye, which made me realise momentarily that he's really human. But being professional he went right on acting. The other thing was the instrumental piece, which completely destroyed me - I couldn't believe what I was hearing, and it felt like a sledgehammer. For the first time I saw the stony Rick as a conquering hero, which is the opposite of what you'd think.

Anyway, Angels fans will know what I mean; others might think my writing's absurd on any level - who cares? Even if they disappear without trace, they will have been a phenomenon. I've experienced the elbows, the glass, the sweat; now my life's enriched by the music. Regards,
Mr. Damage
Diagnosis: You are in love. Take one Angels story by Anthony O'Grady (this ish) and call us in the morning.

SIXTH ANGEL?

What I want is for youse to clear up a mystery for me surrounding the Angels (greatest Oz band ever, etc).

Now I realise that the original drummer for the Angels was indeed Buzz Throckman, and also that your Angels story a few issues back made no mention of a change of drummer since then. But what I wanna know is why these aforementioned interviews still carry 'copious notes' from the mouth of Buzz Throckman, drummer for the Angels, when the album covers of both *Face To Face* and *No Exit* clearly state that Angels' stix duties are now performed by one 'Graham Bidstrup'.

Could it be that Bidstrup and Throckman are actually one and the same person? Or is Buzz simply sensitive about his performance on vinyl? Please attempt to solve this mystery for me, as it's started me thinking and I just can't shake it(!).
Yours in rock
Bill Gibson
We hereby award you life membership in the Holmes-Watson School of Deuced-Clever Deducing. Buzz Throckman and Graham Bidstrup are indeed one and the same Angels drummer, although they do seem to have something of a personality problem.

SHOOTIST HEAVEN

Dear Mr Wayne,

I miss you already, if there was anyone I'd have to stake my life on it would be you.

If anybody spat on your horse you'd beat the daylights out of them.

Somebody rustles your cattle you'd plug 'em fuller lead.

No-one stole your girl, burnt down your barn, robbed your bank, shot your deputies and no sonofabitch is gonna miss you more than me.
love Graeme
If anybody spat on **my** *horse, I'd beat the daylights out of them too.*

PEOPLE INFLUENCED

It was good to see you (at last) devoting some space to the "Sydney Band Explosion", but your introductory paragraph didn't have much to do with most of the bands featured. Let's face it - practically ALL the bands in your article are with agencies and couldn't *honestly* be described as having to "hustle their own gigs", as you put it. Almost half the bands also either have, or hope to have (same thing) a recording deal, yet they are introduced as "working outside the mainstream....in defiance of record cos!!" Who are you trying to fool? It also requires an *absurd* stretch of the imagination to refer to Mi-Sex, Hitmen, Outline, Mental As Anything, Radiators, Nauts, Swanee, etc. as "young and energetic". And why bother to give space to idiotic 'covers' bands like Flowers, Numbers, Nauts, Clones, Young Modern etc? These sort of people can't even run fast enough to jump on the bandwaggon, and have as much to do with new wave/punk as Qld. does with democracy. But enough bitching - you were at least smart enough to feature the truly AMAZING Thought Criminals, who actually care more about *communicating* and having *fun* with their audience than making money or being on Countdown. If these guys lived in the U.K. they'd probably be called 'the future of Modern Music' or similar, instead of wasting away in grotty little inner-city pubs. But as Julia de Meyrick said, this is partly their own fault for being too modest to 'push' themselves. Incidentally, I reckon J de M is really Stuart Coupe in disguise - whoever heard of a name like de Meyrick?! And as anyone knows, Julia is a thoughtcriminal and the heroine in '1984' - a strange 'coincidence'!!
G. Campbell
Back, Campbell! Not so fast! You may have a point about certain members of Mi-Sex, Swanee and co. not being as close to puberty as they once were, but we stick to our guns with 'energetic'. Although perhaps the majority of bands mentioned do go through agencies, many use newer ones such as Balmain Music or Murray White, formed in distinct opposition to the "old wave", and some indeed do hustle their own gigs.

Regarding bandaggonism: influences can be absorbed without necessitating artistic discredibility. (ex-Kiss fans disgusted by their recent disco efforts: don't worry, we understand).

Love is a many splintered thing....

GOD

Dear RAM:
Re: Larry Norman Story

If secular musicians in Australia find it hard to get enough money together to survive - imagine how christians musicians, playing for a very limited and insular market, get along! Last night I attended an excellent concert run by Heaven Records, but the artists only get about $10 each for performing, and it wasn't Heaven Records fault. As if that situation isn't bad enough, you then get your Larry Normans, Evies, Randy Stonehills, Barry McGuires, etc., ad nauseum, coming into the country in the name of Jesus and walking out with thousands of dollars. A Melbourne paper estimated that Evie - that nice little blonde thing - walked out of Australia with $50,000 for her last tour. The money was from record sales and her concerts.

It isn't as if the Americans put on a terribly good show either. Australians Rod Bowcher, Peter Campbell, Bob Wolfgramm, Gnomes, Heritage, Sally Hilder, Al Head, Peter York, to me are as good or better than any American Gospel import. It isn't like secular music where overseas acts are innovative - as you pointed out in your article - it's a bit of Elton John, a bit of Billy Joel, a bit of Dylan, and a bit of Jesus.

There has never been an Australian cultural interpretation of the "Gospel" as there is in, say America in the Deep South, or in London with the Salvos or Wesley. But Australia doesn't get a chance to get anything together in that line. We import Gospel musicians, Gospel records, Gospel preachers, and evangelists like good old Garner Ted Armstrong. The way it looks from here is that if you're not about 60% American you'll just *never* get to that blissful place in the sky.
Lowell Tarling
Ain't it funny (not really) how the same old worldly musician blues affect everyone in Oz - not matter what style (or faith) they play.

FRIENDS WON

This time last week I was a bored and boring schoolgirl who went to the occasional disco, wore embroidered flares and sometimes listened to my older brother's Lou Reed LP's. Then I read your article on 20 New Bands and decided I needed some action. It took a lot of courage, but I went out (by myself) and saw a whole lot of bands you recommended, and they were absolutely *fabulous*. Saw Mental As Anything, Voigt/465, Tactics and The Thought Criminals who were all just as good as you said. I haven't had as much fun as I had at The Thought Criminals for longer than I can remember, and I made more friends in the past week at these gigs than I have in 6 years at high school! Now I'm making my own do-it-yourself gear (instead of buying it at rip-off trendy shops) and am starting an all-girl band. I really want to say to all RAM readers - go and see a new band *today*! The girl who sings in Voigt/465 has a great voice, and apart from being a really good dance band, The Thought Criminals are all very spunky guys.

Thank you RAM, from the bottom of my heart, you really opened my eyes and changed my life. This is a *true*, but *amazing* story.
Love Lee—Anne
Perhaps a RAM Charlene Atlas Award is in order here.....10 free lessons to the female reader whose life has been most changed by "Sydney Band Explosion" (in RAM 112)

NZ

Before you Ozzies start to go completely overboard over Mi-Sex, let me say that the majority of Kiwis seem to be glad to be rid of this bunch of derivative bandwaggon-jumping poseurs. They have - contrary to reports in RAM - been treated with derision over here. They will play anything that is fashionable and will change their name accordingly.

NZ has a whole load of bands of a higher standard including The Terrorways, The Hookers, Swingers, all ex Suburban Reptiles including Phil Judd ex Split Enz, Wide Mouthed Frogs and especially Toy Love who are in the process of doing an album for WEA.

No doubt, as always happens, a couple of these bands will cross the Tasman and, in a couple of years, be Aussie's top bands. It always happens that way but first they'll have to learn how to become a little more watered down. But then again NZ's *top* bands never quite make it in Oz, it's always the ones who never quite made it into the big league (if there is such a thing in NZ) that do well e.g. Dragon, Mi-Sex.
Rob Muldoon
Your prejudices are showing and your fax need checking. Mi-Sex drew big crowds on a return to NZ tour. Dragon were NZ's top-grossing native band before crossing the Tasman.

MOLLY

I was surprised at how few people twigged to one of Molly Meldrum's best classics to date. Well there have been too many classics to pick a definite best I suppose, but it certainly was a classic.

It was on a program some time back when in quick succession he questioned the right of Skyhooks to express a political opinion in a song (in fact he as good as said that politics should be kept entirely out of music) and then went on to blunder his way through a highly complimentary interview with Bob Marley, one of the most politically motivated artists in the world, making no mention of politics whatsoever, although he did come out with the revelation that he doesn't think Marley plays Reggae.

I have quite a healthy respect for Ian Meldrum for the great work he has done exposing and promoting new Australian talent. However I feel that I express quite a generally held view when I say that he should not be actually on television.

So to you Ian, please do yourself and your program a favour and restrict your involvement to behind the scenes. You can still do the good work you are doing without making everybody hate you.
David Pannell
P.S. For goodness sake choke that moron who presently announces the top ten in an excited scream with an American accent.
Although disagreeing the much imitated Molly doesn't have fans who wait with bated breath for each "umm" and "ahh", it's a good point about the castration of politics on Countdown. It may be a "fun" programme for "young" people but certain realities are omnipresent.

SPARX

Regarding Bob Edmund's article on Sparks in issue no. 112:

Mr Edmunds; even though I'd always felt Sparks' work to be best described as allusive to inexpressible fears and half-forgotten childhood situations, I can understand when a *real* writer like yourself describes their lyrics and arrangements as "sort of witty"; however, a point which continues to puzzle me even *after* you smashed my ego is: why have you written down all of Ron Mael's ums and ahs and ers?

Do you think that this will indicate to readers his insincerity of character/lack of integrity which is of course already revealed (a ha!!) by his collaboration with the unscrupulous Giorgio Moroder?
Lee Harvey Oswald
Is it true, she wonders, that disco money can't buy your respect? (But can it buy Donna Summer? - ed)

FASHION PARADE

At The Talking Heads concert, I was amazed to find such a turn out of those who refer to themselves as "Punk Rockers" or "New Wave" followers. I would like to remind these clowns that Talking Heads ARE NOT Punk or New Wave artists, in fact Talking Heads are far too sophisticated to give themselves such a degrading title.

If one appreciated Talking Heads as artists one would not try to categorise them or embarrass oneself by showing up at the concert dressed like someone out of "Dr. Who".

If you're going to a concert *don't* dress in dreadlocks for Bob Marley then peacock colours and tights for Talking Heads.
Kim
And spiky hairdo and leathers for The Stranglers, or velvet 'n' peroxide for Rod Stewart, or inflatable falsies for Dolly Parton or.....

We sometimes have this sneaking suspicion (rampant awareness?) Australians confuse New Wave with yet another fashion parade.

FEEL YOUR RAM

It would happen. Whenever I'm happy, employed and socially acceptable, there is a new RAM bubbling out of the newsagent everytime I wander past. These amusing little "goodtime RAMS" offer hours of interesting reading and fun. YET, when I'm suicidal, unemployed, extra despressed and bored, an equally lethargic RAM seems to ooze to the surface every aeon (or so). These RAMS get read in 10 mins and leave a blank feeling in the brain and black newsprint on the fingers. You can't go on doing this to me! Gentlemen - look to your morals.
Babe Rainbow
After assiduous training your fornightly RAM can also be programmed to be a Dial A Biorhythm Alpha Wave Accelerator.

She was alone. Well not quite alone. There was a telephone shrilling, there was an avalanche of bewildering and outrageous mail. There was a staff of misfits and wandering freelancers. There was a whole network of delicate egos poised to lean on her. Be calm she told herself. Coolly she looked around and took it all in. Why, a thousand people would give their right arm for....
She realised there was only one sensible reaction in a situation like this....."WAAAAAAAAAAAUGH!!!!"

D/RT

The Radiators did what most consider is the inconceivable - they claimed the house record at Blacktown RSL over the Angels. The Rads drew 1,700....but what's this about **Ian Dury** and band brawling on stage in Paris....and **David Bowie** is currently plotting to launch into the '80s with a deluxe world tour....

New **Jo Jo Zep** album *Screaming Targets*, will contain a free, bonus live elpee recorded at The Bombay Rock....

Renee Geyer and **Stars** joined for *Nightmoves/3RRR-FM* simulcast on July 6. Alert interstate viewers can catch the show in Brisbane on July 21 and in Sydney on July 14.

Upcoming Events: The new concept of **Matchbox** join with **The Reels** and **Hello Sailor** for a **Decadence Dance** at Balmain Town Hall on Saturday July 14... **The Hitmen** are doing a series of Thursday nights at the Bondi Lifesaver...The Red Cross will benefit from a dance at Father O'Reilly Hall in Auburn on 22/7. Bands featured are **Branded, Chaos, Snake, Mistaken Identity**...

The **Portrait** label has closed in the US, shoving over 500 people out of work. The label's roster included **Ringo Starr** and **Joan Baez**. Oz bands **Dragon** and **Contraband** were also on the roster but Dragon left after their US sortie last year and **Brian Todd**, manager of Contraband, says he pulled his band off the roster just two weeks before the ship sank....

Addresses Wanted: due to several mishaps with the RAM contributors book, we have cheques, but no addresses for the following demented contributors. So if **J. James, John Gresham, Mark Green** and **Ron McPherson** want to tell us where they live, our accountant will weep tears of blood as she mails out the moolah...

Dragon off road and in studio to put down first album with revised line-up. Trax to include **Todd Hunter/Jenny Hunter Brown** comps *Motor City Connection, Cryin' Shame, 3.33, Now That Daddy's Home*. Plus **Paul Hewson** (with and without **Billy Rogers**) songs *Maybe It's The Time Of The Year, Counting Sheep, Crooked Highway*. Plus **Robert Taylor**'s *Bus Stop, Same Old Lies, For Free*. Plus the band-effort instrumental, *Ganz In Farben*. During the recording break, Paul Hewson is seeking relief and possible cure for a longterm arthritis affliction that affects the keyboardist's hands.

Rod Stewart making up for loss of moolah on Australian leg of *Blondes Have More Fun* world tour by creating attendance records in America and Canada. Rod scored four shows at Madison Square Garden and six at the LA Forum...

Fender have released two new electrics in the US - the **Lead I** and **Lead II**. The body is slightly smaller and has been re-shaped for easier playing by young players. The **Lead I** features a new high output single humbucking pickup with coil selector and a series of parallel switches.

Ooooooops! Sorry **Joe Creighton**. The new bassist for **Little River Band** is now **Barry Sullivan**, ex-Chain and Renee Geyer. Barry gets to take wife and child with him as LRB flow round the world. First single from upcoming *Under The Wire* album is now set to be guitarist David Briggs' composition, *Lonesome Loser*.

3-RRR in Melbourne begin an "impressionistic history" of Australian rock on July 11. The programmes will be broadcast on Wednesdays at 8.30. The shows were assembled from over 50 hours of interviews by **Greg Pickhaven**. Interview subjects include **Johnny Chester, Red Symons, Ron Tudor, Michael Gudinski** and **Anthony O'Grady**.

New studio in Sydney called **Breakout** set up to record Oz artists almost exclusively for OS. First up for definite release in Canada is...ulp!....the former **William Shakespeare**, now called **Billy Shake**. Breakout, according to co-owner **Peter Dowd** has forged links with OS publishing companies first and will look for local release second...

The original of **Rickie Lee Jones**' *Chuck E's In Love* is currently forming a band and has hired a press agent. Chuck E lives next door to **Tom Waits** and says he's been writing songs with Rickie and Tom for the past few years....

The Bee Gees scored America's top selling album two years in a row. Only thing is, *Saturday Night Fever* sold 27 million in '78 and *Spirits Having Flown* has only just topped the 4.5 million mark in '79. And *more* financial woe for the falsetto threesome.... it's estimated the Mafia made more counterfeiting *Saturday Night Fever* than the bros Gibb did from royalties...

Iggy Pop in Oz for a promo tour. Nice, but it doesn't make up for the cancelled concert tour in '77. In the meantime The Ig's dad had a word of warning as Ig prepared to record *New Values* in Berlin. "You can't trust those damn Jerries son," Pop Snr warned. "Don't let 'em know you're a Yank or they'll gun you down in cold blood."

Donna Summer was the first female artist to hit No. 1 simultaneously on the US album and singles charts....

Voigt/465 played their last gig last week. Vocalist **Reimit Macron Cru** and guitarist **Rod Pobestek** are looking to form another band. Bassist **Lindsay O'Meara** is joining **Crime And The City Solution** in Melbourne...

Neil Diamond set to star in a re-make of *The Jazz Singer*....but much more interesting and shapely is **Kate Bush**, about to make cinema debut in *The Gold Plated Dream Machine*...and the eye-boggling continues with **Lene Lovich** making film debut with friend **Les Chappell** in *Cha Cha*, currently being shot in Amsterdam.

July 3 1979 marked the 10th anniversary of Rolling Stones' founder Brian Jones' death...

RIP - Elvis Presley's father Vernon Presley, after failing health and eccentric behaviour over the past two years, has peaked with a series of Elvis Memorial Festivals where Vernon would flog off Elvis memorabilia...

RIP - Lowell George, last week, officially registered as a victim of heart attack. George, who recently released his solo album *Thanks I'll Eat It Here* had just completed sessions for Little Feat's upcoming *Duck's Lips* elpee. Lowell George was critically regarded as perhaps America's most gifted yet low-profile rock songwriter and early Little Feat songs such as *Sailin' Shoes, Long Distance Love, Willin', Teenage Nervous Breakdown* and *Oh Atlanta* are rightfully regarded as longterm rock classics. Little Feat toured Australia in 1976.

RECORDINGS IN SESSION

Leo Sayer in the studio recording a new 'un - this time with original producer/co-songwriter **David Courtney**...**Bruce Springsteen** looking to have new album completed by end of August... **Blondie** ready to drop a new one, *Eat The Beat*....**Talking Heads** completing their third...**Neil Young** has two albums ready - they're *both* called *Rust Never Sleeps*. One features Nicolette Larson and Crazy Horse. The other is a soundtrack of Neil's film of the same name....**Pink Floyd** say they've now completed their new 'un, *Bricks*. Only problem for the group is whether to make it a double or triple set... **Yes** about to release a live double in August called *Yesshows*...**XTC** completed new album in London just prior to Oz tour. New XTC single is *Life Begins At The Hop*. (*see features pages*)....**Alice Cooper** working on version of *Jack The Ripper* in studio with lyricist **Bernie Taupin**.... meanwhile **The Reels** are recording their first album on a 6-track mobile studio which they've set up in their living room in downtown Dubbo...**The Aliens** now signed to Mushroom and entering studio soon...

TOURS OFF AND ON

Dire Straits now not. **Van Halen** maybe. **Ian Dury** moves to early 1980 and will be part of the *Stiff World Tour* including **Lene Lovich, Rachel Sweet, Wreckless Eric** and **The Sports**. Very imminent is **Dr. Feelgood** (see tours). In the pipeline for '79 are **Devo, Robert Palmer, Stevie Wonder, Joan Armatrading** and **JJ Cale**.

COUNTDOWN TRAUMAS

Countdown continuing to cement relationships with musicians around the country with three separate fracas over past two weeks. First up was Countdown's insistence that visiting singer **Robert Palmer** appear on camera bedecked with shapely girls. Palmer demurred but Countdown insisted. Palmer finally appeared with girls in tow. The next week **Stars** arrived carrying a backdrop of their *Land Of Fortune* album cover. After two rehearsals (while the band was at lunch) a Countdown production team removed the backdrop and substituted a flashing Countdown sign and a smoke bomb effect. Stars refused to perform on the show. Guitarist **Mal Eastick** pointed out to 2SM's **Peter Grace** that Countdown will not let local Australian bands use film clips on the show. Which means overseas multi-thousand dollar video productions are paired with miming Aussies accompanied by the Countdown sign and an audience of girls clapping out of time. (The only Oz act to have had an independently-produced film clip shown on Countdown recently is **The Angels** with *Shadow Boxer*).

The same day as the Stars trauma, **Richard Clapton** was thrown off the show for arriving 20 minutes late for rehearsal. An unperturbed Clapton said he didn't think his audience was tuned into Countdown anyway. Countdown officials said they were disappointed with Clapton's "professionalism" but, under different circumstances, both Stars and Clapton would be welcome to re-appear on the show.

Les Karsky, ex-Supercharge and currently producing **Midnight Oil**'s second album is gunning for RAM scribe **Andrew McMillan** after Andy described Les as an "illegal immigrant" last issue. Not so, says Les who lists some of his best friends as being in the Dept of Immigration. Also gunning for young Andy (21 but will 'ee make 22?) after recent stories are **Allan Roberts** from the Bondi Lifesaver and **Todd Hunter** from **Dragon**.

Sydney band **Dynamo** join **Oasis, Texas** and **Midnight Oil** as victims of hit and run rock thieves. Dynamo had a truck and equipment (replacement value $60,000) stolen last week. The truck later turned up abandoned, but amongst the equipment missing was a Fender Strat (sunburnt finish serial no. 36872), a Fender Precision (serial no. 58647), an Ibanez Flying V, a Cord electronic tuner. Anyone with information should contact Chris Brockbank (02) 663.529.

After being nabbed and fined by the Oz taxman two years ago for currency smuggling, the eccentrically frugal, living rock legend **Chuck Berry** is about to have the cleaver dropped by the US taxman. Copped for $100,000 tax evasion, Berry faces a maximum of five years gaol and $10,000 fine.

Lowell George - RIP (pic Mike Putland/LFI)

Iggy drops in.

(pic Paul Canty/LFI)

HOLD UP!

STARS

LAND OF FORTUNE

Mushroom
Australias' Rock Plant

FOLLOWING IN THE FOOTSTEPS
OF THEIR HIGHLY ACCLAIMED
DEBUT ALBUM PARADISE
COMES THEIR SECOND

LAND OF FORTUNE

THRU Festival

LAND OF FORTUNE L36935
MARQUEE MANAGEMENT (02) 92 0365
OUT NOW ON MUSHROOM RECORDS & TAPES

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(03) 51 0661

HARBOUR AGENCY
(02) 436 1411

PRODUCED BY ERNIE ROSE
IT'S WELL WORTH THE WAIT!

OZ SINGLES

This Week	Last		
1	(4)	HOT STUFF	Donna Summer
2	(1)	LAY YOUR LOVE ON ME	Racey
3	(6)	POP MUZIK	M
4	(2)	LUCKY NUMBER	Lene Lovich
5	(3)	KNOCK ON WOOD	Amii Stewart
6	(13)	•GET USED TO IT	Roger Voudouris
7	(7)	GOODNIGHT TONIGHT	Wings
8	(5)	ON THE INSIDE	Lynne Hamilton
9	(16)	•BRIGHT EYES	Art Garfunkel
10	(9)	SOMETHING'S MISSING	Marcia Hines
11	(8)	I WILL SURVIVE	Gloria Gaynor
12	(14)	HOORAY, HOORAY IT'S A HOLI-HOLIDAY	Boney M
13	(21)	•DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW	Abba
14	(20)	•LOVE DON'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE	Rose Royce
15	(15)	CHUCK E'S IN LOVE	Rickie Lee Jones
16	(12)	DREAM LOVER	Glenn Shorrock
17	(18)	DO TO ME	Smokie
18	(25)	•LOST IN LOVE	Air Supply
19	(10)	HEART OF GLASS/SUNDAY GIRL	Blondie
20	(11)	BABY IT'S YOU	Promises
21	(29)	•MY FRIEND THE WIND	Demis Roussos
22	(23)	HE'S THE GREATEST DANCER	Sister Sledge
23	(37)	•SHINE A LITTLE LOVE	Electric Light Orchestra
24	(24)	THE LOGICAL SONG	Supertramp
25	(31)	•WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN	Dr Hook
26	(17)	SHAKE YOUR GROOVE THING	Peaches & Herb
27	(38)	•BOOGIE WONDERLAND	Earth Wind & Fire with the Emotions
28	(26)	CHASE/LOVE'S THEME	Giorgio Moroder
29	(27)	GET YOUR LOVE RIGHT	Jon English
30	(19)	FIRE	Pointer Sisters
31	(22)	WHAT A FOOL BELIEVES	The Doobie Brothers
32	(36)	SHADOW BOXER	Angels
33	(30)	CARE FOR KIDS	Kids
34	(28)	IN THE NAVY	Village People
35	(34)	ROXANNE	Police
36	(—)	HAVEN'T STOPPED DANCING YET	Gonzalez
37	(—)	LOVE'S NOT ENOUGH	Dragon
38	(—)	SOME GIRLS	Racey
39	(32)	I'M COMING HOME	Beeb Birtles & Graham Goble
40	(33)	SO MANY WAYS	John St. Peeters

OZ ALBUMS

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	RICKIE LEE JONES	
2	(2)	BREAKFAST IN AMERICA	Supertramp
3	(3)	THE BOB SEGER COLLECTION	
4	(6)	THE VERY BEST OF LEO SAYER	
5	(7)	COMMUNIQUE	Dire Straits
6	(4)	BOB DYLAN AT BUDOKAN	
7	(5)	VOULEZ VOUS	Abba
8	(—)	•DISCOVERY	Electric Light Orchestra
9	(10)	BAD GIRLS	Donna Summer
10	(—)	•BACK TO THE EGG	Wings
11	(11)	LODGER	David Bowie
12	(12)	FOREVER AND EVER	Demis Roussos
13	(8)	PARALLEL LINES	Blondie
14	(9)	MINUTE BY MINUTE	Doobie Brothers
15	(18)	FATE FOR BREAKFAST	Art Garfunkel
16	(17)	OOH CHILD	Marcia Hines
17	(—)	•NO EXIT	The Angels
18	(15)	STATELESS	Lene Lovich
19	(13)	DRAGON'S GREATEST HITS VOL I	Dragon
20	(22)	NIGHT OWL	Gerry Rafferty
21	(14)	SPIRITS HAVING FLOWN	Bee Gees
22	(27)	•LOOK SHARP	Joe Jackson
23	(19)	DO IT YOURSELF	Ian Dury and the Blockheads
24	(16)	BREAKFAST AT SWEETHEARTS	Cold Chisel
25	(23)	AGAINST THE GRAIN	Phoebe Snow
26	(20)	HEARTS ON THE NIGHTLINE	Richard Clapton
27	(—)	•DYNASTY	Kiss
28	(30)	LIFE SUPPORT	Air Supply
29	(31)	BLACK ROSE	Thin Lizzy
30	(21)	PROMISES	Promises
31	(35)	WAVE	Patti Smith Group
32	(32)	MIDNIGHT EXPRESS	Motion Picture Soundtrack
33	(28)	LIVIN' INSIDE YOUR LOVE	George Benson
34	(26)	FACE TO FACE	The Angels
35	(24)	ANGEL STATION	Manfred Mann's Earth Band
36	(25)	LOVE TRACKS	Gloria Gaynor
37	(—)	WE ARE FAMILY	Sister Sledge
38	(29)	SQUEEZING OUT SPARKS	Graham Parker & The Rumour
39	(33)	AMII STEWART	
40	(36)	ARMED FORCES	Elvis Costello and The Attractions

U.K. SINGLES

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	RING MY BELL	Anita Ward
2	(7)	•ARE "FRIENDS" ELECTRIC	Tubeway Army
3	(3)	SUNDAY GIRL	Blondie
4	(5)	AIN'T NO STOPPING US NOW	McFadden and Whitehead
5	(2)	DANCE AWAY	Roxy Music
6	(4)	BOOGIE WONDERLAND	Earth Wind & Fire with the Emotions
7	(11)	UP THE JUNCTION	Squeeze
8	(14)	•WE ARE FAMILY	Sister Sledge
9	(8)	THEME FROM THE DEER HUNTER	Shadows
10	(6)	SHINE A LITTLE LOVE	Electric Light Orchestra
11	(16)	•H.A.P.P.Y. RADIO	Edwin Starr
12	(15)	THE LONE RANGER	Quantum Jump
13	(12)	MASQUERADE	Skids
14	(9)	HOT STUFF	Donna Summer
15	(10)	REUNITED	Peaches and Herb
16	(27)	•WHO WERE YOU WITH IN THE MOONLIGHT	Dollar
17	(30)	•LIVING ON THE FRONTLINE	Eddy Grant
18	(29)	•NIGHT OWL	Gerry Rafferty
19	(17)	THE NUMBER ONE SONG IN HEAVEN	Sparks
20	(13)	BOYS KEEP SWINGING	David Bowie
21	(—)	•GERTCHA	Chas and Dave
22	(18)	POP MUSIK	M
23	(—)	•SAY WHEN	Lene Lovich
24	(—)	•CAVATINA	John Williams
25	(21)	JIMMY JIMMY	Undertones
26	(—)	BABYLON'S BURNING	Ruts
27	(20)	PARISIENNE WALKWAYS	Gary Moore
28	(—)	LIGHT MY FIRE	Amii Stewart
	(—)	SILLY GAMES	Janet Kay
30	(—)	SPACE BASS	Slick

Two titles tied for 28th position

U.K. ALBUMS

This Week	Last		
1	(2)	DISCOVERY	Electric Light Orchestra
2	(1)	DO IT YOURSELF	Ian Dury and the Blockheads
3	(3)	PARALLEL LINES	Blondie
4	(9)	•LODGER	David Bowie
5	(4)	VOULEZ VOUS	Abba
6	(5)	MANIFESTO	Roxy Music
7	(—)	•COMMUNIQUE	Dire Straits
8	(6)	BOB DYLAN AT BUDOKAN	
9	(7)	BREAKFAST IN AMERICA	Supertramp
10	(12)	LAST THE WHOLE NIGHT LONG	James Last
11	(13)	THIS IS IT	Various Artists
12	(8)	FATE FOR BREAKFAST	Art Garfunkel
13	(19)	•SKY	
14	(17)	NIGHT OWL	Gerry Rafferty
15	(10)	THE VERY BEST OF LEO SAYER	
16	(14)	OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR	Police
17	(22)	•A MONUMENT TO BRITISH ROCK	Various Artists
18	(15)	BLACK ROSE	Thin Lizzy
19	(—)	•I AM	Earth Wind and Fire
20	(10)	THE UNDERTONES	
21	(18)	THE BILLIE JO SPEARS SINGLES ALBUM	
22	(25)	BAD GIRLS	Donna Summer
23	(30)	•IT'S ALIVE	Ramones
24	(16)	DIRE STRAITS	
25	(21)	SPIRITS HAVING FLOWN	Bee Gees
26	(28)	GO WEST	Village People
27	(27)	RICKIE LEE JONES	
28	(—)	DUTY NOW FOR THE FUTURE	Devo
29	(—)	BACK TO THE EGG	Wings
30	(—)	REPLICAS	Tubeway Army

U.S. SINGLES

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	HOT STUFF	Donna Summer
2	(3)	WE ARE FAMILY	Sister Sledge
3	(10)	•RING MY BELL	Anita Ward
4	(4)	LOGICAL SONG	Supertramp
5	(6)	CHUCK E'S IN LOVE	Rickie Lee Jones
6	(5)	JUST WHEN I NEEDED YOU MOST	Randy Vanwarmer
7	(8)	YOU TAKE MY BREATH AWAY	Rex Smith
8	(9)	SHE BELIEVES IN ME	Kenny Rogers
9	(12)	BOOGIE WONDERLAND	Earth Wind & Fire with the Emotions
10	(20)	•BAD GIRLS	Donna Summer
11	(11)	ROCK'N'ROLL FANTASY	Bad Company
12	(16)	SHINE A LITTLE LOVE	Electric Light Orchestra
13	(14)	MINUTE BY MINUTE	Doobie Brothers
14	(17)	I WANT YOU TO WANT ME	Cheap Trick
15	(18)	MAKIN' IT	David Naughton
16	(2)	LOVE YOU INSIDE OUT	Bee Gees
17	(7)	REUNITED	Peaches and Herb
18	(23)	•GOLD	John Stewart
19	(13)	SHAKE YOUR BODY (DOWN TO THE GROUND)	Jacksons
20	(24)	WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN	Dr Hook
21	(25)	AIN'T NO STOPPIN' US NOW	McFadden and Whitehead
22	(22)	GET USED TO IT	Roger Voudouris
23	(26)	DANCE THE NIGHT AWAY	Van Halen
24	(15)	HEART OF GLASS	Blondie
25	(30)	•DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW	Abba
26	(—)	YOU CAN'T CHANGE THAT	Raydio
27	(19)	DISCO NIGHTS (ROCK FREAK)	G.Q.
28	(—)	I WAS MADE FOR LOVIN' YOU	Kiss
29	(—)	SHAKEDOWN CRUISE	Jay Ferguson
30	(—)	I CAN'T STAND IT NO MORE	Peter Frampton

U.S. ALBUMS

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	BREAKFAST IN AMERICA	Supertramp
2	(2)	BAD GIRLS	Donna Summer
3	(4)	RICKIE LEE JONES	
4	(3)	WE ARE FAMILY	Sister Sledge
5	(6)	CHEAP TRICK AT BUDOKAN	
6	(5)	DESOLATION ANGELS	Bad Company
7	(8)	MINUTE BY MINUTE	Doobie Brothers
8	(—)	•I AM	Earth Wind and Fire
9	(9)	FLAG	James Taylor
10	(13)	THE GAMBLER	Kenny Rogers
11	(12)	VAN HALEN II	Van Halen
12	(25)	•MONOLITH	Kansas
13	(7)	2 HOT	Peaches and Herb
14	(10)	SPIRITS HAVING FLOWN	Bee Gees
15	(17)	STATE OF SHOCK	Ted Nugent
16	(11)	SOONER OR LATER	Rex Smith
17	(15)	PARALLEL LINES	Blondie
18	(27)	SONGS OF LOVE	Anita Ward
19	(20)	WAVE	Patti Smith Group
20	(21)	EVOLUTION	Journey
21	(16)	GO WEST	Village People
22	(—)	•WINNER TAKES ALL	Isley Brothers
23	(23)	THE CARS	
24	(—)	•DISCOVERY	Electric Light Orchestra
25	(14)	BOB DYLAN AT BUDOKAN	
26	(29)	MCFADDEN AND WHITEHEAD	
27	(30)	LOOK SHARP	Joe Jackson
28	(18)	DISCO NIGHTS	G.Q.
29	(19)	PIECES OF EIGHT	Styx
30	(—)	WAYLON JENNINGS' GREATEST HITS	

GERRY RAFFERTY

follows up the multiplatinum album 'City To City' with another blockbuster album

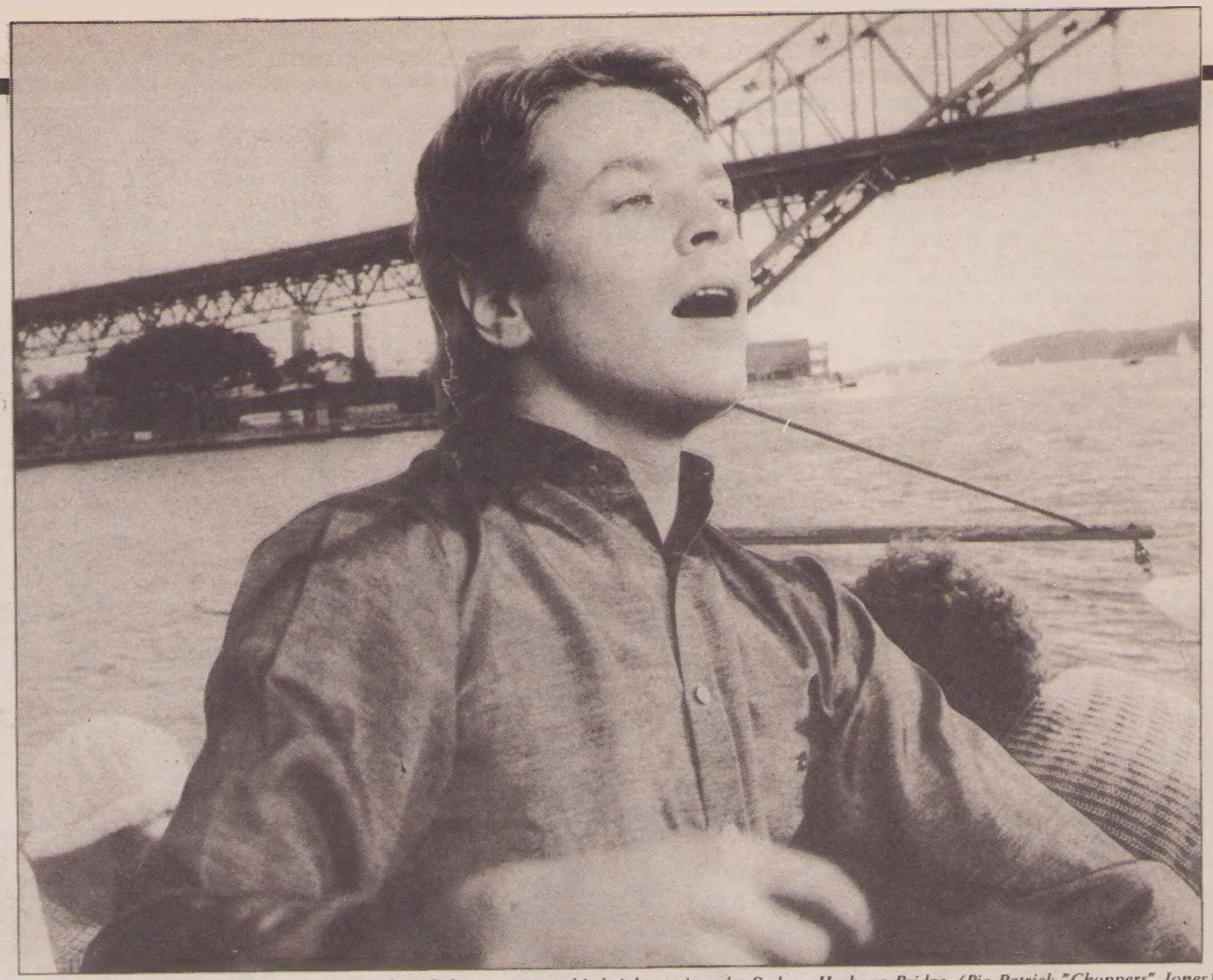
NIGHT OWL

ALBUM OR CASSETTE 36799

UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS

Gerry Rafferty exploded as a solo artist last year with the phenomenon known as "Baker Street" from his CITY TO CITY album. Now everybody's catching Rafferty Fever all over again thanks to his new album, NIGHT OWL. There's also more exquisite saxophone work from Raphael Ravenscroft, who made quite an impact with his stirring work on "Baker Street".

THRU festival



Robert Palmer measures his height against the Sydney Harbour Bridge. (Pic Patrick "Choppers" Jones)

Robert Palmer's got the addresses, but what's the message?

It's like a TV cliche. Eighteen floors down, ant size people run for cover, but in the pre-fabricated hotel environment, the torrential rain just adds an interesting grey tint to the view of Sydney. It's a lazy hour in an otherwise tightly scheduled day for English singer Robert Palmer and his manager David Harper. They're both what you'd call good looking bachelors, particularly Robert with his finely boned face and clear blond complexion tinted with a fading Bahamas' tan. He idly picks at grapes and persimmons, sipping the hotel claret and listening to James Brown.

It's the setting you'd expect. An Englishman whose fine manners and precision were drilled in at Malta's Royal Navy School. Palmer lived in England until '74 when he left Vinegar Joe, a mid-popularity band in which he'd played rhythm guitar and shared lead vocals with Elkie Brooks and Peter Gage. Island's Chris Blackwell organised a royal solo debut for Palmer, jetting him into fashion conscious New York and arranging sessions with top R&B musicians Bernard Purdie, Richard Tee, Cornell Dupree, and Little Feat's Lowell George. Palmer was hailed as an exciting new talent when his first album, *Sneaking Sally Through The Alley* was released. It established an 'in the know' cult following for him.

Through his next three albums, *Pressure Drop, Some People Can Do What They Like* and *Double Fun*, Palmer continued the FM-orientated romantic melodies, laid-on-strong R&B beats, experimenting with reggae and other ethnic rhythms. All the albums charted reasonably in the US, and if they suffered from anything, it was from too much perfection and the sneaking suspicion that inside the fine wrapping maybe Palmer didn't have too much to say. No strong identity emerged besides the image of Palmer as a lady killer, created through a carefully chosen series of record sleeves which featured the singer, looking luscious, with equally luscious parts of the female anatomy in several stages of undress.

After several years in New York, Palmer moved to the romantic setting of the Bahamas, to slow down the pace of his life he says, and have more time to think. His latest album, *Secrets*, was recorded just over the road from his Nassau home.

This time the cover is Palmer au naturel, a black and white photo of him shaving.

Accompanied by David, who constantly adds to a rapidly bulging address book of international connections for possible future tours, Palmer bemoans a rapidly bulging stomach (too many record dinners). He's near the end of a flurry of travelling, interviewing and promoting throughout Europe, Japan and Australia. This is just one more hotel room and one more gaggle of press and record execs to cope with.

"If only someone would ask me about something besides music," he murmurs dreamily as we catch a lift down from the room. I ask him what he does in the Bahamas.

"Nothing much, just lie in the sun all day."

Thinking?

"There's an art to *not* thinking, to just emptying your mind completely." I ponder the significance as we stand in the foyer waiting to go to the radio station. Robert looks dreamily outside.

"It's amazing how similar the world is wherever you go. The same public, the same rituals."

Palmer says he tries to meet everyone on a person-to-person level. He hates labels and images.

"People say to me, I hear you're a blue eyed soul singer or a white reggae artist. What can I say to them? Somebody puts you in a bubble and there's no way you can break out of that, so you're just acting out the part that they have created for you. The time of the Hollywood idol and the image are gone. Rock is getting back to personalities."

'With energy', Robert Palmer signs his name at the radio station. Palmer sees life and music as constantly recharged energy cycles.

"When I'm at home, just sort of pottering around, I get what you might call insights (*laughs*). I'll relate totally different events in different places - snatches of conversation will suddenly fall into place as being clues to something, and I go 'Aha, I've figured it out.' And then that throws me into a state of trying to understand what it all means. I can't feel comfortable until I've made a song out of it, and when I've got a bunch of songs it's like I've gotta play these, and I've gotta get 'em right. Then it's a matter of going into the studio and following it through minutely until all the details of the puzzle are in there and when it's finished, it's like phewww!!

"That working energy creates ripples like a stone in a pond, and you follow them through and they lead to a whole set of new circumstances."

Back in the hotel room, Palmer's listening to his new album, his best yet he feels. When a track called *Mean Old World* comes on he laughs.

"Wonderful cliches. I feel comfortable singing a song like *Mean Old World* which could be regarded as syrupy. I mean it's comforting, if nothing else. Of course we often play against that romanticism with aggressive beats played underneath."

All of Palmer's songs deal with love. The new album deals particularly with disillusionment and the changing within relationships.

"I always write in terms of you and me," he says pointing at female me and male him.

"What I'm writing about is relationships, but instead of putting them in political or religious contexts which are a bit sticky, I make them into male/female relationships. What I'm trying to do is find out something about my relationship with other people, discovering something about myself through all these different events."

Yet another record dinner that night and it's not Robert, but his manager who takes the limelight, regaling the diners with his experiences roadying for The Doors, Traffic and Bob Marley. Robert's up the other end of the table, reminiscing with an old friend he hasn't seen for seven years.

In his patient manner, Robert's trying to peel back the years or maybe just re-energise the relationship. But the rest of the table is drawn into the drama of David's adventures, which he serves up with raw expletives and an accent that becomes broader as he talks about the cunning of Marley and the magic of Jim Morrison.

It's hard to tell who's supposed to be the entertainer and who's supposed to be the manager. But ego doesn't come into it and Robert Palmer doesn't seem to mind. He's a quietly charming person who delivers his balmy insights in a rough-timbred, expressive singing voice.

This was a trip to meet the people and collect addresses. He's got the addresses but what's the message?

Miranda Brown

It's true! Sex-change gave the synthesiser to disco.

What do Wayne County and electronic wizard (*Clockwork Orange, Switched-On Bach*) Walter Carlos have in common? They have both had sex-change operations.

Carlos' change has been a fairly open secret among avant garde musicians since he had it done in late 1972, but he only changed his name officially from Walter to Wendy Carlos on St. Valentine's Day this year.

The current U.S. issue of *Playboy* carries a long interview with the now completely female composer which reveals that the agony he went through at the time has been responsible for his virtual silence ever since *Sonic Seasonings* came out in the year of

his operation - and several times almost caused him to commit suicide.

It also put paid to his budding romance with Rachel Elkind, the CBS executive who fostered his early success and with whom he has lived for the past eight years, although he already considered himself a woman before he left his West End Avenue walk-up and moved into her West Side brown-stone.

He told the *Playboy* interviewer he thought his problems have held back the development of the synthesiser and handed it over to the automaton-like disco composers, whose work he abhors.

"That fact that I couldn't perform publicly stifled me," he said. "I lost a decade as an artist. I was unable to communicate with other musicians. There was no feedback. I would have loved to have gone on stage playing electronic music concerts, as well as writing for more conventional media, such as the orchestra."

Currently, he's working on the development of a microprocessor-controlled synthesiser which, he says, "will truthfully be the first time that an instrument will be able to imitate any sound that the mind of man can conceive and that the ear is able to hear."

Karl Dallas

Elvis makes a movie; no apologies.

So there I was at Euston station, seated comfortably in the 1st class compartment waiting for the Inter City to speed me to my destination - Liverpool's Lime Street, when I felt a hand touch my shoulder. Looking up I was face to face with the most reclusive rock star media-wise currently in existence. He was wearing a polka dot shirt, like the ones Bob Dylan used to wear. He was wearing shades very similar to the ones Bob Dylan used to wear. There he was, smiling, nay, virtually beaming.....Elvis Costello!!

Not a sign of the cagey figure of our last encounter a few months back. This was not a man living on his nerve ends, but an amiable soul offering hospitality via the compartment it turned out he was sharing with his wife Mary, an extremely attractive, bright girl with sandy-coloured hair, and the couple's son Matthew, whose face was virtually hidden by a Fidel Castro cap. It goes without saying that a reconciliation had taken place, and throughout the three hour journey, er, what's-her-name (*Rod Stewart's ex, Dee Harrington*) wasn't even mentioned.

Inevitably the touchy incident when a drunken Elvis made the mistake of harrassing Bonnie Bramlett and Steve Stills was broached - an encounter which involved Costello referring to Ray Charles and James Brown as "niggers".

"Well I thought it would make for a more original exit than the usual motorcycle accident," he quipped.

"The thing is though, none of the fucking reports got it right. Not one single one."

Costello contends that yes it was he, in a drunken stupor, who started the whole thing off by referring to Stills as "old tin nose". Things quickly escalated, however, to the point where after Ms Bramlett had taken her swing - and missed, according to Costello - he was set upon by somewhere in the region of five Stills roadies.

"It was one of those ridiculous barroom fights where you're too pissed to know what's going on. It was more like slapstick than anything. I only remembered that the thing had even taken place when I returned to my hotel room and discovered that my arm hurt somewhat."

Not one to let bygones be bygones, Elvis considered the subsequent media fracas to be the work of a publicity famished Bonnie Bramlett.

"Yeah, I said at one point though it wasn't recorded as far as I know: 'That woman has made one reputation off one E.C. (Eric Clapton, whose impromptu gigging with Delaney and Bonnie helped break the pair initially). She's fuckin' well not going to get more publicity off of another one!'"

The 'racist' charge - which drew such negative reaction (including numerous death threats) that Costello was constantly accompanied by two plain clothes policemen - wasn't the only incident of consequence to happen to our El in the US. What with every rock star, new or old wave, making movies these days, an Elvis film was completed somewhere amidst the mayhem. Entitled *Americathon* - about a giant telethon held to save America from bankruptcy - it has Costello starring opposite Meatloaf, and playing an invented English rock star. It's a portrayal that caused our hero to dust off one of his golden - though unused - oldies for the final fitting touch.

Back when *Watching The Detectives* was conceived one of the songs written alongside *Lip Service* and *Lipstick Vogue* was *Crawling To The USA*.

"When I checked out the part, I suddenly realised that that *USA* song would fit perfectly."

Also featured is another song from that period, entitled *Hoover Factory*, which Costello had intended to use as the B-side of *Oliver's Army* before the idea of doing *My Funny Valentine* took precedence.

(*Hoover Factory* also turns up on the *50,000,000 Elvis Fans Can't Be Wrong* bootleg).

Finally, Elvis revealed that before he exited from the land of Coca Cola he turned down the chance to appear on the covers of both *Rolling Stone* and *Newsweek*.

"Why make life easy for yourself?" he said, as he reached up to pull the communication cord. Minutes later Costello, wife, son and suitcase dropped stealthily out of sight behind the sidings.

Suddenly I felt a light tap on my shoulder. I looked up.

"Why, Bob!" I cried. (Cont. page 33.)

Nick Kent

Is this a shoulder for Elvis to cry on?
"My wife and child are close to ma hart"
"Hush, hush yo mouth not-so-sweet Bonnie"
"Will Meatloaf get billing above me in my movie?"
Newsweek
"Tell the papers they can't have me!"

Pere Ubu - soundtrack music for the fateful eighties

Music in the late seventies has suffered a brutal (but entirely necessary) shakedown, in an attempt to synch itself into a period which predicts a grim future for us all. Punk, with its pet slogan "No Future", was the first set of ripples in the stagnant pool of popular culture. But there is a future, no matter how bleak the prospects seem, and punk has done the only decent thing it could and self-destructed. Now we have Devo to tell us that our future is eventually to return from whence we came, de-evolution back to the slime.

Yet out of this wave of seemingly grim alternatives comes one spark of hope for our troubled times. And this spark comes from a place which should be a breeding ground for hopelessness and despair for our future.

The place: Cleveland, Ohio, a city on the edge of bankruptcy and dying quickly. The time: for all it's worth it could be the year zero. But still, a place this desperate can throw up Pere Ubu, and if that's not a sign of the times nothing is.

Over the past decade Cleveland has been the breeding ground for the more experimental side of rock music, mainly because the bar and club scene is strictly Top 40, turning any decent musician wanting to work into a human jukebox and stifling all creativity. The only alternative was to go underground into garages and small, badly patronised places which were prepared to support bands playing original music. The result of this underground movement is that the music played has become an extreme reaction against pop and the Top 40; names became as bizarre as the music produced, with bands such as The Electric Eels, Tin Huey, The Mirrors, Devo (who hail from nearby Akron, as everyone now knows) and Rocket From The Tombs, hitting it out in basements and garages all over town regularly every week.

Rocket From The Tombs was formed by David Thomas, a writer for a local rag called 'The Scene', who wrote under the strange pseudonym of Crocus Behemoth. Along with fellow rock critic Peter Laughner, and two musicians now fondly known as Johnny Blitz and Cheetah

Pere Ubu make attempt to look like a happy glitter-pop band. (pic Janet Macoska/ LFI)

Chrome of the Dead Boys, Thomas worked the underground scene playing variations on The Troggs, The Stooges and Velvet Underground. The band split due to "personality differences"; from the remains, Pere Ubu was formed.

Ubu was formed out of necessity, as Thomas wanted to record a single and then break the band up. The single, *Thirty Seconds over Tokyo* b/w *Heart Of Darkness*, came out on the band's own Hearthan label in '75. Thomas had aimed to recreate the atmosphere and feelings of the raids over Tokyo in World War Two. For this reason he chose musicians whose technical abilities were very limited, to the point of being non-existent, but because of the musicians' intuitive grasp *Thirty Seconds* works, and works well.

The chemistry worked so well Thomas decided to keep the band together; at the end of '75 they scored themselves a residency at the Pirate's Cove Bar in the Flats area of town, an area notorious for its heavy industrialisation. The next two years of Ubu's life produced two more singles: *Cloud 149* b/w *Final Solution* and *Street Waves*. Sadly, during this period, the band lost Peter Laughner when he died as a result of his flirtation with drugs. As David Thomas recalls: "Peter was a very talented musician; he was also a very talented artist. He was also a fool, and the fool killed him."

It was in 1977 that Ubu signed wth Blank, the newly formed punk label that was subsidised by Mercury records. In the early weeks of 1978, *The Modern Dance* started creeping onto the airwaves, and for me the first experiences of Pere Ubu's music were to leave lasting impressions. It very rarely happens that any debut album comes across with such intensity and maturity of vision.

The track which most obviously points to the directions Pere Ubu were to follow is *Sentimental Journey*. An epic six minute exploration into the collective mind of the band, *Journey* is an example of the extreme type of musical abstraction that is possible when Pere Ubu's vision is in full flight. The atmosphere of the piece is set by the synthesiser, weaving a web of sound around Thomas' vocal, in this case not so much sung as mumbled and garbled, but providing a continuity within the work. Throughout the dense atmospherics are punctuated by breaking glass, an example of the abstract use of dynamics which the band highlights frequently.

Much of the work from *Modern Dance* is carried over onto their second album, *Dub Housing*; here the Ubu vision comes across as being more extreme, more intense than ever before. On this album the band has been able to provide a more tightly meshed sound; each different sound used fits more exactly with each other sound.

Thriller! which closes side one of the album, is a sound painting which seems to exist very much apart from any influence outside itself, including the playing of the band that created the piece.

Ubu music carries with it an alien quality, something which must be attributed to the personality of the music. Ubu music may be dark and brooding, humorous, cynical or romantic (they do write love songs). Most importantly the band, its members and their vision possess a quality of hopeful optimism, for themselves, their music and their society. An important prerequisite for survival in an age when things are looking grim.

Mark Gentile

Rock violence in Melbourne The death of Maria Paton

Night Moves discotheque is hardly one of Australia's more exclusive evening spots. A small, garish establishment on the tatty Lower Esplanade in St. Kilda, it attracts a clientele of locals and those who prefer the area's restless ambience.

Maria Paton, in her early twenties and three months pregnant, visited the discotheque with her boyfriend on the night of June 25th. At some stage of the evening she was involved in an altercation on the premises and shortly after midnight was found lying on the club's front steps in a state of great physical distress. She died before she could be taken to hospital.

The coroner has yet to determine the exact cause of Paton's death but on June 26th, Phillip Keen, Night Moves' "security doorman", was charged with her manslaughter in the City Court. Two other men were also charged with assault in relation to the incident.

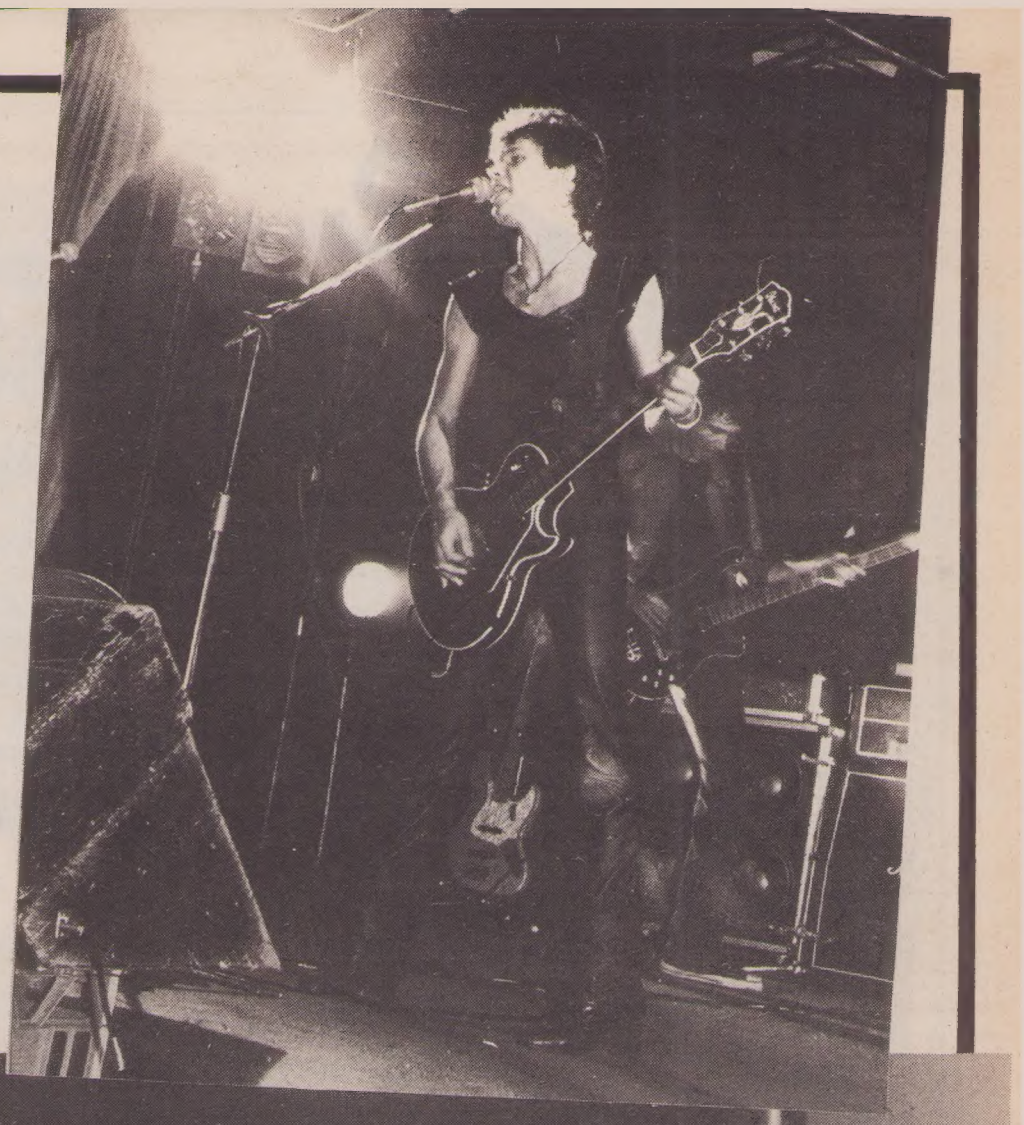
Keen, an ex-serviceman, was described by a detective from the Homicide Squad as a person without prior convictions who would not present a threat to the community if given bail. The magistrate fixed bail at $1500 and Keen was remanded to appear again in court on July 31.

Violence connected with bouncers has not been a persistent occurence at Melbourne's more popular rock venues and discos but it's a problem that everyone who goes out to enjoy music witnesses sooner or later, and one that's excited some controversy in Sydney, and in Britain.

In Sydney last summer season, judged the most violent for at least the past five years, one bouncer was charged with assault after a patron's arm was broken at the Civic Hotel and rumours of several "concealed" deaths continue to circulate inner-city venues.

In Britain last year, two youths died after incidents involving bouncers in London and Scotland; in both cases the security men involved were acquitted of manslaughter and murder respectively. The eventual findings of the courts as to the causes of Maria Paton's untimely death on the streets of St. Kilda should prove of some interest.

Adrian Ryan



Head poppy Iva Davies stands tall above Flowers (l to r) Adam Hall, Keith Welsh, John Lloyd, Iva Davies. (Pic Mal Berry)

The blooming of Flowers

War veterans sometimes confess to flashing on scenes from old movies in real combat - John Wayne fighting the Indians while bullets whizz past in the Viet jungle. Cinema fantasy and reality would tangle, altering perceptions of both.

Flowers create weird juxtapositions too. Their live presence is sharded with flashbacks of other pop ages. Covers of '60s classics nestle against band originals. Past and present tenses splinter and alter each other. Some of the audience are hearing T-Rex and old Kinks songs for the first time. For others, even with a grounding in the '60s, the trick is still to pick the originals from the covers. Flowers have a chameleon ability to submerge themselves totally *within* a song. In the end: there's no band stance, no band image, just hummable fragments of songs and fragmented images of the band that stays the same but always seems to be changing. Lead man Iva Davies even looks momentarily like David Bowie as he sings *Gene Genie*.

Bassist Keith Welch creates a Lou Reed nasal drone to perfection. In his own compositions, Iva creates lovely melodies with images that jump out....a young girl looking out a window and dreaming of a fat man, Al Capone, in *Fat Man*; walls covered with graffiti in *Walls*. The songs have a sense of grace that's closer to classical music than rock and roll.

Iva stands, high cheekbones, cropped hair, in a drenched black shirt, weaving some sort of near impregnable spell around himself. He captures glances and turns them into stares, signals 'don't touch' but draws you in. Whatever charisma is, Iva has it.

To his left, Adam Hall, looking like a precocious kid, tosses an impractically long fringe and twiddles knobs, adjusts switches on the synthesized sounds that dominate the arrangements.

Keith Welch in red vinyl, with the traces of a gaudy tint in his hair, bounces his bass. John Lloyd, a serious drummer who created the fire behind Melbourne's Dots before joining Flowers last week, plays imaginative, spacious rhythms. With John in the band, the line up feels just right.

A year ago, Flowers were just one of many young bands doing cover versions....T-Rex, Lou Reed, Mott the Hoople, the Sex Pistols and the Kinks, except they played them almost note perfect. Somebody called them a "punk jukebox" and the term stuck. It was simultaneously a derogatory and complimentary tag, suggesting clone-like lack of imagination, but applauding both the choice of material and the quality of the renditions.

The description no longer applies to Flowers.

Flowers was formed by Keith and Iva two years ago. Keith, who'd already been in several electric bands "just wanted to play" and Iva, who'd just released two singles for RCA (*Leading Lady/Wanna Give You All Of My Love* and *Back To California/I Can Reach You*), was discovering rock after a youth spent studying classical music, playing the oboe. He bought an electric guitar on his twenty first birthday. Originally with two guitars, Flowers became keyboard orientated when Adam joined in September '78.

Even in their formative stages, Flowers had something that made people prick up their ears. A combination of Iva's musical

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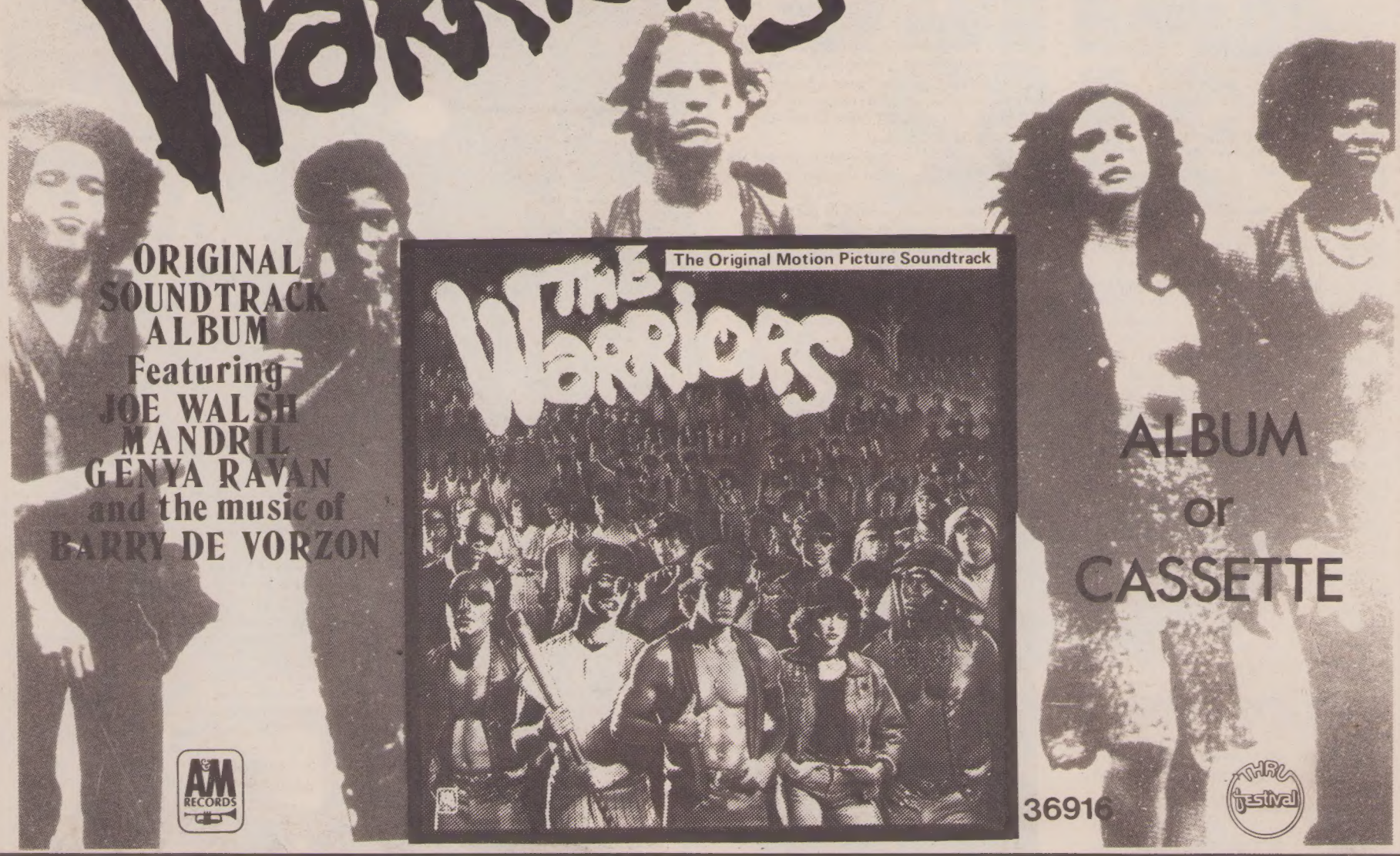

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RECORDS and TAPES

Australian Crawl beat Aussie Rules replays, OK?

expertise (he worked for a year doing highly specialised sheet music arrangements for record companies) and talents as a frontman plus Keith's excellent bass playing attracted Dirty Pool (Cold Chisel, Angels) management company to the band. Flowers became no. 3 in the stable, the yearlings.

Compared to their elder companions, they have a tendency to get unnerved in intimidating situations. Faced with the task of supporting the explosive Angels at a free 2SM concert in Sydney, the band do an unsparkling set. All the elements are there, but the band turn their intensity inwards, not towards the audience. They look untidy and nervous.

Then on Thursday night, a disastrous affair at a Las Vegas of the suburbs, an ugly pub twenty miles out from the city with terrible acoustics and a bored crowd on a disco floor. A communal bout of flu on top of that throws the band into deep depression - John Lloyd crouching on the floor blowing his nose in the tiny backstage room; Iva not mumbling about "cultural gaps", but *Species Gaps*. A fair summary of the situation. White skinned intense city boys playing to complacent locals. The band tries, but nothing sparks.

"Another gig like that and I would have slashed my wrists," announces Ray Hearn, the band's manager. It's in jest, but typical of the intense pressure and care that both band and management take to work. Everyone's obsessive, onstage and off. Everyone knows that this band has *potential*, but young bands just don't get away with lacklustre performances. The only way to relieve the pressure is to throw it into the next gig. Flowers work exhaustively hard.

Saturday night's a triumph. A big crowd, like many they've been pulling recently, and a hot performance which leaves the aftertaste of a building momentum.

The backstage room is crowded. There's a young girl dressed in a multi-coloured plastic skirt; another, pale skinned with bright red lipstick, smoking a cigarette like Marilyn Monroe. In a corner of the room, Iva squats with his back against the wall, looking smaller as the onstage aura slowly loosens its grip. His movements are still jerky and his hands shake as he lights a cigarette and talks about recycling musical ideas.

"Anyone who thinks they are going to do anything new is just kidding themselves, I mean there were umpteen thousand composers around at the same time as Bach, except *he* had that little edge and so now he's famous and they're all forgotten.

"In rock and roll, it's just so short term, ten years is just so heavily inbred that even when someone like Bowie with his last album, produces something really radical, it's not really new, it's just a lot of stuff re-churned."

New songs have painful births from Iva, who's written the eight originals the band now performs. The last one took six weeks before he was satisfied enough to hand it to the rest of the band.

What's most exciting is that each new song is better than the last, and even the first one is good. *Fat Man*, the latest, more than deserves to be recorded. It's catchy and pretty with powerful lyrics.

Maybe Iva has *that little edge*, taking his lessons from an immense knowledge of music and a relatively new found affinity with rock and roll.

From nine years at the Conservatorium to this. He walks out the backstage door with a guitar in one arm, and a battered T-Rex album tucked under the other.

Miranda Brown

Australian Crawl are a band whose appearance doesn't deceive. Standing on Martini's cramped stage in non-outrageous weekend casuals they look remarkably like a neighbourhood five jamming in an incongruously spotlit garage.

Their sound is as clean-cut as their apparel, but there are few bands-next-door who can produce the oven-hot licks that have record companies whispering after only a couple of months on the Melbourne pub grind. And any platinum dreams the A&R men have may well be justified; Australian Crawl's crisp, inoffensive pop with a boogie edge is one of the few refreshing sounds to be found on the southern circuit and won't sound at all out of place drifting out of your radio on the beach next summer.

The band's two guitarists provide the initial aural indication that this is a band with some class to spare. Simon Binks and Brad Robinson display the kind of range and melodic verve that's balm to volume-jaded ears as they lay on streams of J.J. Cale-inflected notes or ring changes on heavy metal cliches with well oiled ease. Occasionally they're guilty of crass overplaying (most notably on a version of Costello's *Mystery Dance*) but aided by James Reynes' expressive vocalising and a punchy rhythm section, they give the band's compositions the colouring they deserve.

Australian Crawl's songwriting abilities are still at that nascent stage where uncertain melodies and derivative structures dominate, but they do have a fair quota of gems on display. *Mr Hooker* is a stomping tribute to the bluesman of the same name that soon has the dancefloor crowded, and *Chinese Eyes* and *Man Crazy* are memorably concise rockers. Their rabble-rousing qualities are shared by *Boot Hill* (a tribute to their home suburb of Mt. Eliza), which raises at least as much sweat as the band's exuberant rendering of Mink de Ville's *Gunslinger*.

The insidious beat of *Red Guitarist* shows that they can apply a more subtle energy when necessary, and the occasional intriguing lyric escaping the vagaries of the mix demonstrates there's something more than your average commercial sensibility at work in this band.

If you need someone to tell you all about the darkness on the edge of town don't go to see Australian Crawl (Mt Eliza *is* a very pleasant suburb, after all); but for all their lack of emphatic direction, they are a highly acceptable alternative to television replays as the long nights of winter and football close in on Melbourne.

Adrian Ryan

Blackmail Corner

You too can forget the dolequence blues and have a happy, *rewarding* career as a Record Company PR-person. Golly gosh, you could have a wonderful time holding Dave Warner's ball or even snuggling up for a *Suburban Boy kiss*. (Where's the letter Dave?). Yep, every night is partytime, every day is funshine in the PR depts of Mushroom & Festival REcords.

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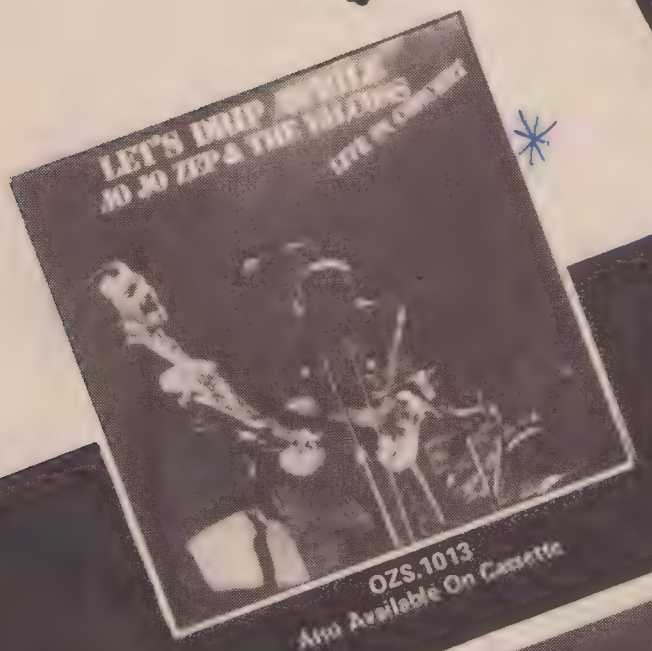

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OZ RECORDS & TAPES

STRICTLY (R) RATED SONGS SUNG WITH A SNARL... All about Jimmy and the Boys.

Pic by Mal Berry

BY JENNY HUNTER-BROWN

Jimmy and the Boys' lead singer Ignatius Jones is seated in the dressingroom. He wears a blue serge facsimile of a Victorian policeman's uniform and is holding a baby doll in his right hand. The head of the doll is blackened, forming into grotesque peaks and hollows. Cotton swabs and miniature flares are taped where ears must once have been, to its skull and the back of its neck.

"You light this, and this, and this, and you hand it to me at the side of the stage. Damned thing burnt me once," frowns Iggy, who is 21, and a lapsed Catholic to boot. "Had to stomp its head out on the stage."

Early in 1975 a shifting mass of young musicians got together and formed a band called Jimmy and the Boys. The members had been classically trained in music, tasted a bit of rock'n'roll, found it too tart and ventured into the ambitious jazz-rock of Zappa and McLaughlin. Sometimes the group had three or four horns, two guitars, keyboards and percussion on top of their rhythm section and two singers.

One of the lead singers was the original Jimmy. The other was Ignatius Jones, a young upstart imported from Manila in the Phillipines at the age of five, conversant in Spanish and fresh from classical ballet, theatre and a couple of North Shore glitter rock bands.

The band rented a Wesleyan chapel in Surrey Hills, and to keep afloat they held $1.00 dances, sometimes drawing 400 people. Keyboardist (and schoolmate, at St. Ignatius' College, of Iggy's) Joylene Hairmouth would solo on the church organ as Iggy recited Zappa's *I'm The Slime* ("It was sort of jazz-rock poetry, cos I couldn't really *sing*.")

By late November Jimmy had left and the band drifted apart, re-forming again with Iggy and Joylene, whose name was more masculine in those days, at the helm.

Mid '76 was the height of punk rock in Sydney, a tempestuous time. To their bemusement Jimmy and the Boys found themselves caught up in the swell of New Wave. Jones learnt where to cut his body so it would bleed heaviest and hurt least. He carved swastikas into his chest with broken glass, cut himself up constantly, deliberately and in public. Comparisons with his US namesake were coming thick and fast, but the *Ignatius* was real, even if the *Jones* wasn't, and the lust for his own blood was at least partly a shrewd shock tactic. A couple of scars remain below Iggy's nipples.

Joylene went transvestite, partly to protect his daytime identity as a mild-mannered piano teacher. Sometimes Iggy's young-at-heart mother would turn up at gigs wearing a Jimmy and the Boys t-shirt. ("Iggy, there's some chick to see you." "*Mom!* I told you *not to come*!") And there were the ubiquitous musical differences....

"If you've ever had to sing *Jumping Jack Flash* with the bass player *and* the drummer both taking solos from the beginning to the end of the song - *what sort of rhythm section is it?!?*" screams Iggy Jones in a strangulated voice.

"I was just getting crazier and crazier....In Queensland one night when I'd had 14 reds and a bottle of whiskey, I turned round and said (*slurred voice*): 'You guys play fucking *rock and roll!*'

"I insulted the band for two sets, then jumped down in the audience and insulted *them* for two sets. Finally had to be restrained. An aboriginal woman knocked me out...."

This resurrection of Jimmy and and the Boys, much more pop-rock with a rhythm section which could bash it and thrash it to Iggy's satisfaction, celebrate their first birthday on July 31st, although their lean and intense young guitarist, Steve Hall, has only been with them for a matter of months. Drummer Barry Litten used to play, among other bands, with the utterly overboard Rabbit. He got the Boys job ("I remember thinking, what *are* these guys?") having already worked with bassist Michael Parks. Dan Janovic plays his saxophones mainly in clean sections alongside the sharp, melodic lines of Joylene's synthesiser, which is very much to the fore of their sound.

Backstage (tonight: the Metropole Tavern and mid-sets), a Jimmy and the Boys gig is like a small circus. Fruit salads of glitzy clothing and props are heaped over tables. An orange bucket with the charred baby doll upended, a trick razor (last night the trick didn't work, according to Iggy, so he slashed a big hole in his arm. I'm suspicious enough of his showmanship to suspect he would have cut himself whether the damn thing worked or not)...A mass of wigs, a baseball bat, a flesh-coloured plunger suggestive of an erectile organ, a Carmen Miranda hat with a Fosters Lager can...fruit, blood capsules, confetti, glue....

Joylene is having his wig brushed. Medium height, pale and lean, with severe features and the reddest of natural red hair. In drag, he's a vile caricature of the female cliche· wasp-tongued, slathered with make-up and stuffed into Christmas tree clothes. And yet a millimetre below that you sense some untouched elegance, a careful intelligence.

"Now what I want," he's instructing his hairdresser crisply, "is a sort of Margaux Hemingway...Nothing *awful*. I don't want to look like a dragon." His eyes narrow. "*Make men desire me....*"

Bony hips are padded below the gold lame and tinsel. Huge wings of aqua bedevil his eyes. In truth, Margaux Hemingway is not someone he resembles closely.

Jimmy and the Boys segue into their "song to offend all the radical feminists in the audience", *I've Just Gotta Be Rude To You*, "inspired" by a chance meeting in Queensland with a girl who shaved off her pubic hair.

"*Alright, bitch!*", spits Iggy, peeling off his pink jacket, his tie, his shirt. He comes on like a wifebeater with God on his side. It's revolting.

By the time they jump into the brash pop of *Who Cares* Joylene's gold number has bitten the dust, revealing a tasteless black bathing suit. They race through the *Looney Toons* theme, into *I'm The Slime*, Iggy atop a roadcase sliding through preposterous contortions which exploit every one of his balletic double joints. He doubles over backwards, locking his feet behind his head, lasciviously tongueing the air and crossing his eyes as the audience squirms and moans uncomfortably. Feedback squeals through a slow guitar solo; the synthesiser is sarcastic.

Cut lights and the Boys light into *Hoedown*. Backstage Jones is being helped into a frightening harness of studded black leather, chains and bondage equipment which had been dangling from its waiting hook like a buggered bat. He pulls on the executioner's mask with its slitted eyes. Only ears, nose and mouth are exposed. He wears black tights and boots. His body is hard-muscled, compact. He sits quietly in a chair in the middle of the blackened room, panting lightly.

Why is there so much Sado-Masochism in the act?

"I'm not sure...It's not really so much S&M, it's sort of a joke..."

Iggy looks puzzled. His normal rapid-fire fluency momentarily disappears.

"To tell you the truth, I haven't thought about it very much. I think it's basically because the things I've always seen in rock'n'roll are a lot of sex and a lot of violence...And my favourite sort of music has always been New York Dolls, Lou Reed, Bowie....Things that fitted in, were very close to that undertone of sex and violence. It's always been songs sung with a *snarl*, rather than a smile."

Butchy Boys begins with Joylene's synthesiser roaring, a cold spot plays over his whip hand, his gaping blackened lips. Iggy plunders the spotlight. Joylene creeps behind him with a baseball bat. They grapple and the lights jerk into strobe over their mock 69. *Whoops* - a blood capsule bitten at the appropriate moment and Joylene's thighs and Iggy's face are slippery red.

Iggy's every movement is showered in sweat. He sweats so much working that recently, while taking antibiotics to combat a combined laryngitis bronchitis *on top of* the usual 100mg high dosages of vitamins, a mass of chemicals literally crystallised in his bladder and he collapsed. He sweats so much that he was blinded and bled from the eyes after using an alcohol-based hair tonic to slick back his hair.

He moves like something electrocuted. Watching Jimmy and the Boys and the bone-snapping pace of it all....God, it's a demolition derby. You expect an accident, but you can't look away.

And the band can count the number of days off they've had in the past year on their fingers. They claim to be the highest-paid unrecorded act in the country. Michael Chugg, who also handles Kevin Borich and Stars, has recently taken them on. They aim to be recording an album in the next couple of months...*But back to ringside.*

By the end of the show Joylene has fallen off the stage and has had everything but his pantyhose ripped off. As he comes offstage he appears to be suppressing laughter, or annoyance, or something...

"That Ign*a*tius...."

"Sometimes he goes *too far*," offers somebody. Iggy enters the room and throws himself on an empty seat, wrenching the mask off his face. Joylene approaches him, a schoolteacherly aura asserting itself.

"You exposed me," reprimands Joylene, "in one of my moments of *metabolic weakness*."

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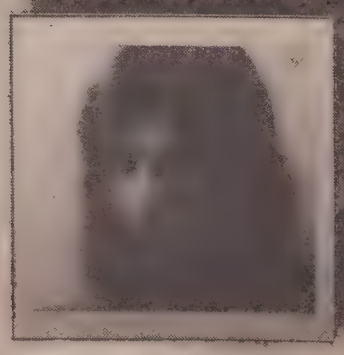

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THE ANGELS

THE NEW CENTURIANS OF ROCK N ROLL

BY ANTHONY O'GRADY

Doc Neeson (pic Mal Berry)

(Pic Mal Berry)

It was her first Angel concert and it was wonderful. She was flushed, face glistening, sweat beads starting to form on the inside corners of the eyebrows. Soon they'd roll into her eyes if she didn't *wipe* - flick them away with the back of her hand. She was with two friends and found a place in the back aisle of the stalls where they could see with room to dance. To pulsate rather. To punch hands in the air and shake the flesh of the body till it shook on the bones, like batter on a beater, and finally she'd fall over the back of a nearby seat lightheaded with effort.

But the singer on stage didn't stop *his* twirling contortions and his voice was a mighty roar that never faltered, never decreased in strength. And the beat of the band went through her like the rumble of standing on top of a subway. She *had* to fling back her head, flick away the sweat, her eyes would flash with glorious awareness of what vitality *feels* like. Then they'd go blank, on auto-pilot and the arms would flail, hands jumping into the air like small, round flesh-bullets *Ahhhhhhh*... the feeling... the feeling was almost *anyone*....

It was wearing dark, hard-to-see clothes and the aisle was saturated with shadow, so you *felt* him more than saw him as he went past. *WHHHOOOSH!* Faster than a speeding MG, and just as lethal. Legs leaping in the air in a high, long arc then hitting the floor so hard it was like throwing a golf ball on the ground, bouncing back with such impact, his legs went arcing into space again, creating an actual rush of air. He had the speed and reckless inevitability of someone totally inspired with motion. The sort of feeling they try to induce in Olympic runners before The Big One. But this was all the more totally spontaneous and wonderfully kinetic. And inevitable. *BLAAAAAAAAAT!* - He crashes into a row of dancers fifty feet from the stage and the crowd takes him in a swirling tangle of flailing limbs that gradually sorts itself into standing positions again, but look! there's someone who didn't *need* to be knocked down. That girl has thrown herself on the floor and every muscle in her body is quivering and straining in her skin and it'll be three minutes before she'll even *start* to think about getting up again. But she is *perfectly* in control. She's just hanging her body on the floor. And when she gets up, she'll be refreshed, every muscle glowing.

The usher stares at her from the security of an exit sign. He is fascinated, because if anyone at a *regular* theatre show went like this, he'd be calling a doctor and there'd be a smell of panic in the aisles. But this girl in the blue shirt and thin black tie is having a *wonderful* time....

If you didn't know Doc Neeson had Welsh in his background you'd swear his accent was modified Boston/American. It's the way he rolls the *rrrs*. Lolling them around his mouth, then spitting out the end of words with the finesse of a winetaster disposing a mouthful of Bin 54. He stoops over a pad, using a speaker box as a table, meticulously writing out list after list of the evening's set. *After The Rain* for openers. Followed by *Will I Ever See You Face Again*, then two trax from the *No Exit* newie, *Waiting For The World* and *After Dark*. Switch to more familiar territory with *Straight Jacket*. Then, if the audience is hooked, good. It not too bad. Cos there's a whole slab of *No Exit* tunes *No Exit, Out Of The Blue, Mr. Damage, Ivory Stairs, Dawn Is Breaking*.

It's the first time The Angels have done *Dawn* on stage, and there's a good chance it will flat on its horizon. After all, it took nearly nine months for *Outcast* from the *Face To Face* album to work properly onstage. When The Angels change down from the lethal speed of the likes of *Ivory Stairs* to a first gear climb like *Dawn Is Breaking*, there's a very good chance the audience will pass the band on the fast lane and be standing around, twiddling thumbs, waiting for the next acceleration into the straight.

Tonight The Angels are going to follow *Dawn* with *Be With You* and then an instrumental, *Planned Destruction*. And then the sprint down the home straight - *Coming Down, Smalltown Boxer, Save Me, Marseilles*. Then the encore *Can't Shake It! Ain't The One*.

Doc is thin, ahaost painfully thin. His cheeks are gaunt shadow. His sweaty flaps around his body, scarves trail from his neck like streamers on a beanpole. He is the only Angel in the theatre. The soundcheck is over and everyone else has left for food and relaxation. Doc stays behind to write out his lists, check the lighting positions, to run through the balcony scene devised for *Dawn*. He is being Normal Doc. Friendly Doc. Polite, affable, cultured, intelligent, humorous - a very civilised person.

"I haven't read the review yet," he almost apologises, "but people have said it was very....thorough. Was there something in there about the band being one-dimensional?"

I precis the review for *RAM 112 for full details*, assuring him of its distinction. Doc nods, then starts explaining, understanding and developing the *Dawn* concept, as opposed to a band sounding the same on any given night. The same also being the case for *Face To Face*. I don't pretend to understand the dynamics of *Face To Face*, I don't profess to whether the band could develop any new areas.

Doc listens attentively, then turns back to the pad. "Yes," he says. "That's something I've wondered about too."

And he bundles up the song lists, gives them to the stage manager and excuses himself politely to have a quick dinner with some friends.

But there's something about the review he *doesn't* mention and it concerns him personally. The careful, polite stress on *"I haven't read the review yet"* is maybe a way of avoiding comment on the opening paragraphs, describing a theoretical encounter between Doc and the Sunday press. It's an anecdote, drawing the distinction between Doc onstage and Doc at home. How can someone so demented on stage be so domesticated afterwards? That sort of thing. When I first developed the comment in casual conversation with Doc, a couple of months ago, he laughed. But now, I put the back of my hand not to mention the - subsequent warning bell that it might not be judged so kindly this time.

Sometimes you just can't tell with Doc.

The Elizabethan Theatre is in Newtown, Sydney, bounded by two major highways and a railway line. It's a huge crumbling building, heavy with grime and inside is all faded rococco and tattered plush. A re-make of *The Phantom Of The Opera* would need only some heavy-duty, dust-laden spider webs. A wonderfully apt place for a band whose lightshow is designed to cast eerie shadows and whose music urges you to dance to frenzied stories of suicides, graveyards, crippled murderers, lunatics etc.

Usually The Angels have performed to packed houses at big pubs and clubs around Sydney on the Face To Face tour. [illegible] there's a *petrol strike* [illegible] good turn out," the record company PR people smile winningly.

And there's a media reception after the show, where a whole lot of people who *didn't* fill the gapingly vacant dress-circle media seats magically appear and down free booze. And The Angels are lined up under lights to get platinum records for *Face To Face* and an instant gold for *No Exit*. Doc makes a polite, gentlemanly speech, thanking about everyone *ever* [illegible] *any* aspect of The Angels' [illegible] pops a balloon [illegible] the microphone [illegible] voice [illegible] and everyone [illegible] in the band room, [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] a rare [illegible] outside [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] *And* it's all [illegible].

The crowds slip out, one by one, as the initially and atmospheric [illegible] content steadily mount.

On Saturday night everything *works*. The theatre is three-quarters full, it feels like a *crowd*. This time Neeson ascends from the trapdoor as an entrance. This night the band interlock like syncromesh. The set is the same songs in the same order, but within that framework it's a different dynamic entirely. The difference between tension and freedom.

The best thing is *Dawn Is Breaking* starts - [illegible]. Not as a song structure [illegible] a sound piece - an ever-widening [illegible] of [illegible] from the [illegible] and [illegible] and create the [illegible] with a [illegible] joy [illegible] motor, most [illegible] tradition then the [illegible] Brothers. And yet *Face Outside* and *Be With You* before it. *Dawn* is a song that [illegible] mentally, take some months to reach maximum effect. When it does, people will end up and shiver with delirium. Angels' albums are in fact just blueprints for a forthcoming onstage effect.

The songs on *No Exit* [illegible] more validity as [illegible] than the material [illegible] *Face* - there's [illegible] shades of [illegible]

[illegible] the youngest-[illegible] most boyish-faced [illegible] stage he's a stern non-[illegible]. Wrapped in sunglassed [illegible], isolated on stage left [illegible] the strongest wash of chilled-green light. A mute cruel robot who doesn't move an unnecessary muscle all night.

But off-stage he's animated, wide-eyed enthusiastic, given to politeness interspersed with bursts of boyish obscenity. "I don't trust anyone," he'll say with companiable friendliness. A recent convert to camera, whole hearted [illegible] footsteps till he [illegible] wants.

[illegible] is a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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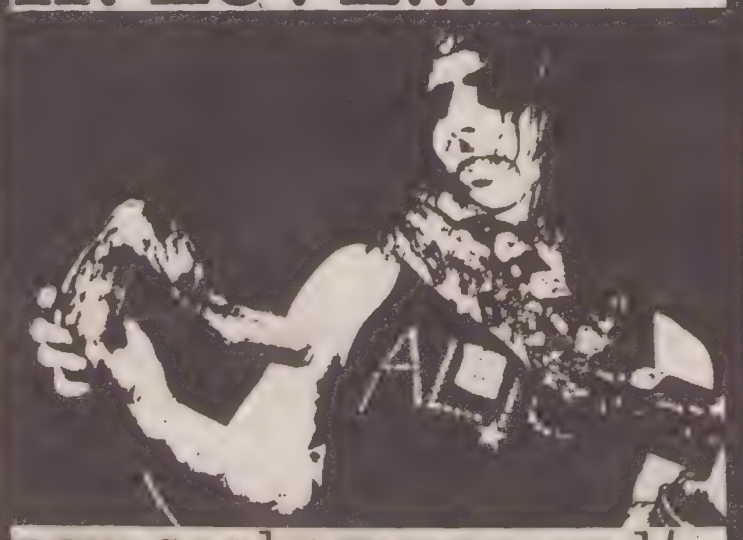

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Ah, the glories of rock 'n' roll on the road - the endless round of debauchery and illicit delights! But what happens when the endless round becomes just that - ad infinitum?

Illustration by Paul Powers (Los Angeles).

NEW BARBARIANS, SAME AS THE OLD BARBARIANS

A TALE OF TWO ROCK 'N' ROLL ADDICTS - KEEF RICHARDS & RON WOOD

BY CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

AWWWWWWWWWW MAMA! *I wanna tell ya 'bout Texas radio and the big beat.*

You step out of the airport in Dallas and straight onto hot concrete looking for a cab and there's this big green Ford that looks like it lost a fight with a steamroller sometime around the years that Chuck Berry got slung inside for statutory rape. Up comes the driver, a huge beefy bespectacled man nudging into his mid-40s: he walks like Bo Diddley, don't need no crutch. Throws your stuff in the back, gives it the gun and the big green Ford lurches through the weave of roads and tunnels leading onto the expressway that takes you into Dallas, the Kennedy-snuffing capital of the world.

The heat in New York is humid and it steams you: in Texas the heat is dry and it bakes you. Inside the big green Ford, everything is cool. My man Bo punches his radio and out comes *soul music*, amazing pounding emotional dance music, blowing hot to the heart and cold to the bone. Bo flashes a grin wide as his radiator grille, all gold and ivory and tobacco. "Out here in Texas," he says, "you can get . yourself some *faaaaahn* weed. Hey."

There's a spliff in his hand, Yank-style: tiny, tight and white. On him it looks like a toothpick. "None for me," he says, "I prefer to wait till I'm off-duty 'cuz it screws up mah *drahvin'*. But y'all go right ahead."

Just below knee-level, right by the gearshift, is a mess of skins and clips and a small bag of pot. Hospitality, Texas-style. He asks what we're doing in the state and I tell him we've come to see Ron Wood.

Not a flicker.

Ron Wood of the Stones. He relaxes.

"Ah hey, the *Stones*. Yeah, they cool. I tellya who I saw a while back who was outasite: Wings. You know them?"

Meanwhile the soul station has got its fingers into Donna Summer's *Hot Stuff*, the hot dry highway has faded into a blur. "You can hear some good blues 'roun' here - Lowell Fulson, he lives roun' heah sumplace, but I tellya what I really dig: country an' western music, Merle Haggard and Charlie Pride...who was that cat that recorded *When I Need You*? Leo Sayer? Yeah, he's outasite too...."

The night's gig is in Houston, right at the other end of the state. However, for this leg of the tour, Ron Wood's touring group The New Barbarians (a name donated to him by Neil Young, high on the list of anticipated superstar guests who never show up) are domiciled in Dallas, at the Fairmont Hotel. Going to stay at the Fairmont is not so much like going to live in a hotel as moving into a new neighbourhood. It makes any Hilton look like a greasy boarding-house in Doncaster. Air-conditioned to the *nth* degree of frosty elegance, chandeliered, plum plush, huge enough to cover a full city block, Al Martino singing in the bar for the last night of a two-week residency. This is *elegance*, Jack. Makes you *sick*.

Anyway, this is where the Barbarians are stationed. The deal is as follows: at some unspecified time the band haul themselves out of their pits, do whatever is necessary to get themselves ready to do what they do. Then they spill over the lobby in a flurry of scarves and shades and guitar cases and lean blonde girls who make the Texas businessmen with the briefcase phones drinking and talking business in the bar stare. Then they step into the limos and cruise to a private airfield where their chartered jet is waiting. They climb into the jet where the stewardesses say "Far out" to anything anyone says to them and no one has to *ex-ting-wish cigarettes and othah smoking mateeriahl* during take-off and landing and you can eat the chicken salad or the roast beef cooked right there in front of you by a nutter in a chef's hat. At the other end they disembark into another bunch of limos, or maybe it's the same limos and the same drivers, who the hell can tell, and they gas the suckers up and whizz them straight into the back of the hall, behind the stage, where they can hear Keith Richards' reggae tapes ricocheting around the building and the anticipatory bullfight cheers from the kids as each record ends before they disappear down a long grey corridor and into the band room where the hopefuls cluster outside for the forbidden glimpse of gods at rest and play. Then when they're all tuned up and ready they run down the grey corridor and the stage goes dark and the roadies who've been grooming the amps and dicking around with the lights get into position and the yell goes up till is shakes the building and the Voice Of God declaims, "Ladeeeez'n'gentlemen, THE NEW BARBARIANS...."

All right. The New Barbarians is the Ron Wood tour. The object of the exercise is two-fold: to promote this album that honest Ron's made to inaugurate his new solo deal with CBS Records, and also to give the two members of the Stones with the most insatiable appetite for gigging and playing and jamming and having fun something to do while Jagger hides out from Bianca's lawyers and the main corporate edifice - a cultural institution known as The Rolling Stones - starts to think about its next album and tour.

The New Barbarians are six: there's honest Ron outfront to carry the weight on guitar and vocals (and mouth harp and pedal steel and tenor saxophone, but that's another matter). Behind the drums is Joseph 'Zigaboo' Modeliste of The Meters, the New Orleans funk axis who've supported the Stones on two tours and who form the nucleus of Allen Toussaint's operation. Almost hidden by the keyboards rig is Ian MacLagan, tiny and dapper, hair rinsed grey, veteran of Small Faces, The Faces and the last lot of Stones activities, an ex-mod to the back teeth. Looming over a tiny Alembic bass, meet and greet Stanley Clarke, a lean towering young Jumpin' Black Flash, and the acknowledged king of fusion bass (unless you count Jaco Pastorius as a fusion bassist). Bobby Keyes, a Stones regular for most of the '70s and the pride of Lubbock, is blowing his golden saxophone.

Lemme see. We left anyone out?

Keith Richards and Ronnie Wood pop out of their respective limo doors virtually simultaneously. Ronnie Wood looks just like Keith Richards but Keith Richards looks just like Mick Jones.

Wood is jaunty and bouncy. He looks as if the world's sleekest, blackest hedgehog is sitting on his head. Richards'

face is white and expressionless. The milling throngs of musicians, ladies, drivers, assistants, liggers, under-assistant West Coast promopersons and whatnot parts like the Red Sea to let them through.

Mick Jagger is nowhere in evidence. Bob Dylan is somewhere else entirely. Neil Young is probably asleep. Joe Walsh may not even be present in spirit. Jeff Beck, Jimmy Page and Eric Clapton show neither hide nor hair nor guitar pick. All the 'guest star' buzz, carefully denied and eschewed by those connected with the tour but well in evidence and certainly not hindering the sale of a ticket or three, is carefully weighed and judged to be so much catcrap. Still, it's buzz and you can't knock it. These venues they're playing are *big* suckers and this tour ain't exactly costing fourpence to put together and a seat sold is a seat sold is a seat *sold*, Jack. Can you dig it?

This is big time rock and roll, USA. This is not half a dozen guys crammed into a dying transit wiping motorway grease off their chops and trying to decide whether they can afford to buy new strings *and* get pissed tonight after the gig. This is big business and it moves sweet and sleek as a whisper down cool grey air-conditioned corridors from late afternoon to early morning.

Right here on this baking airfield, the entourage is out of the air-conditioning for the second of six moments of its day. The first was when they left the hotel to get in the limos. The third will be when they make the lightning transfer into the second set of limos up in Houston. The next will be when they climb out of the limos and into the plane after the gig, and then - wait a second, got to figure this out - ummmmmm - when they get *out* of the plane and into the next set of limos, and finally they'll have to leave the cars and get into the hotel. Then it's cool canned air scented with ice cubes and plain sailing all the way.

The reason for all this farting about is v. simple. The Barbs ain't playing Dallas, and nobody except a few real hip people even know they're there. Meanwhile, all the kids in Houston are going totally pineapples because they think that somewhere in their town, Keith Richards, man, is holed up in a room with Tibetan prayer shawls over the lamps and Rasta posters all over the wall and all sorts of amazing far out scenes are going on all over the place and there's cocaine and blowjobs and weirdness and if they comb Houston and harass all the desk clerks in all the major hotels someone will finally break down and admit that yes, Keith and Woody *are* there and yes, Mick Jagger *is* with them - sharp intake of breath, *wow* - and the room number is 821 and there's a party going on and all you have to do is get in there - shit, man, everybody knows what goes on around a Stones tour, which is what this almost is seeing as how it's Woody's tour and Keith's with him, and *please* mister if you know where they are you won't regret telling me....

That's what Sonja thinks, anyway. Sonja's from Georgia originally and she says she's only 17 and she's just *crazy* about the Stones and she looks like a rock-and-roll 14-year-old designed by a committee of *Oui* staffers. Makes you feel like a real asshole to have to tell her that sorry, the tour's staying in Dallas and Jagger ain't there at all.

So this way, the Barbs get to keep all the Sonjas and the ones who aren't even cute and, worst of all, their male equivalents the hell out from under their feet. The time when these guys wanted to drown in Sonjas is long gone. The amount of publicity that Richards has had over that bust in Toronto has been so ludicrous that, by contrast, going out on Woody's tour is almost like going into hiding but just the same the name of the game is P-R-I-V-A-C-Y and plenty of it.

So Sonja's little tanned shoulders droop and her little fantasy is shot to shit but even if she was in Dallas and she'd made it up to Keith's Room it wouldn't be what she expected. Still, later for that even as Sonja walks dejectedly back towards her seat, 'cuz the lights are going down and the yell goes up till it shakes the building and the Voice Of God declaims, "Ladeeez'n'gentlemen, THE NEW BARBARIANS....!!"

Simultaneous action: everybody in the hall climbs up on their legs, waves their fist in the air and bellows. Security men fan out and motion kids back to their seats in a show of force that keeps everybody docile without any visible aggro. Modeliste climbs up behind the drums, MacLagan slides in behind his Hammond/piano/moog set-up. Keyes ambles over to his mike, horn at the ready, bottle of Bourbon clamped firmly in his other hand. Stanley Clarke, bass clamped tight to his chest, prowls in front of his amp like some impassive panther. In his black leather pants he looks like some parallel-universe version of Phil Lynott.

Ronnie Wood comes scampering out with his silver guitar. White shirt open at the neck and tie askew, white towelling jacket, red knee boots and impish grin of favourite bantamweight contender making an entrance on the night that Norman Mailer is going to see him take the title. Exuberantly running on the spot, fists in the air, his angular face contorted into comic aggression, he is an appealing figure: friendly, self-mocking, energetic. No matter how flash he dresses and how much he poses, you just *know* that Ronnie Wood is all right.

Wander through all the rock and roll sleazepits in all the rock and roll cities and you never hear anyone telling you that Ronnie Wood is a bastard. Post-punks who resent Jagger because they think he's a jetset poseur or Richards because they see him as a millionaire junkie who walks his way out of busts that would have put ordinary citizens away for most of the '80s...they still check Ronnie Wood from back when The Faces were still accepted as a people's band by *everyone*.

Remember him then? Capering about like a naughty kid caught with a cigarette behind the bike sheds on the run from the school caretaker. Like back at the first live all-star *Tommy* stage play in London all those years ago when it was as solemn as the opening of Parliament until Rod Stewart swaggered on to do *Pinball Wizard* and there behind him, tagging along like the kid brother you just couldn't bear to leave behind....guess who? An oily clamped into his chimp-grin, hair miraculously on end, was Woody, scampering exuberantly to an amp. You couldn't hear anything he played, but he looked like the gatecrasher who's having more fun than anybody else at the party.

His entry into the Stones has lightened up the texture considerably. The Mick Taylor phase of the Stones was the period when Jagger and Richards became the visible *gestalt* of the band. Anybody with more than half an eardrum could tell you that the Stones would have great difficulty sounding like the Stones if Charlie Watts decided to hang up his rock and roll sticks and Bill Wyman isn't exactly a klutz, but though Taylor supplied skill, intelligence and feel he had less personality than the average chair.

So between them Mick and Keith supplied the fantasy: love-and-joy-and-loneliness-and-sex-and-sex-and-sex-and-sex plus booze and pills-and-powders plus please-allow-me-to-introduce-myself and it's-a-gas-gas-gas and world's-most-elegantly-wasted-human-being and all the rest of the bullshit, while Taylor melted into the rhythm section and tossed out his swampsnake leads and the legends cavorted out front.

Woody's entry into the hallowed unit dispelled a few of the shadows. His good-natured cockiness let fresh air into corridors still paced by spectres of Meredith Hunter and Brian Jones, of tales about knives and pool cues and drowning, of Hollywood and the Riviera. Honest Ron, the human face of The Rolling Stones!

"I suppose I seem more accessible," he says later that night. He attempts to open a bottle of beer on the edge of a table and succeeds only in tearing a giant chunk of wood out of the unoffending piece of furniture. He looks up with the expression of comic display with which he customarily greets unsuccessful attempts at little public bar macho stunts. "That's 'cos I *am* more accessible. I mean, Mick and Keith are founder members and it's all been going on for much longer for them. The pressure is much greater for them, so it's all much easier for me....."

Onstage, he completes his lap of honour but the cheers he garnishes for this display of cheek are as a damp fart to what happens when Keith Richards, one sinewy fist clamped around a bottle of Rebel Yell bourbon and the other hefted skywards, strides to the front of the stage, spectral but solid, wasted but not weary. Foppish no longer, his unassuming yellow shirt, black jacket and blue jeans spell out that the pomp and circumstance of the Stones have been packed up in mothballs for tonight, but that aspect of Keith Richard which exists both within and without the context of the Stones is what's important.

Stage centre, there's the three-headed mike stand that first saw service at the Kilburn Gaumont gigs that promoted Wood's first solo project *I've Got My Own Album To Do* way back when he was still in the Faces. Immediately stage right of the mike is a music stand - most incongruous - loaded with set-lists, key lyrics, mouth harps, slides, cigarettes, picks and the like. Woody dances out front, counts four and kicks into Chuck Berry's *Sweet Little Rock And Roller*.

The sound is full and relaxed. It isn't pompous overblown stadium rock and it isn't razor-edged British R&B, but it has that perfect combination of ease and power, lurch and balance, that characterises what is meant when the term "barroom rock and roll" is used as a compliment.

Clarke and Modeliste lay down a taut, sleek backbeat that gives the guitars just enough slack for them to take chances with the rhythm, but not so much that the chances don't all pay off. Wood's guitar sound is thick and distorted, Richards' pithy and thin. Between them, they stretch the beat like elastic and then tighten it up again. MacLagan tinkles and splashes, Keyes honks like a wild goose with catarrh. It's a groove.

Listen, whatever you think of these guys and the way they live - and it's worth remembering that they've been at it so long that they genuinely don't know how to do it any other way - they didn't get where they are just by having good haircuts and hanging out with Margaret Trudeau and Truman Capote. They're capable of more than just going through the by-now traditional, choreographed, institutionalised ritual of a Stones show. Three-quarters of the way through the show - I reckon it's when Richards stumbles upfront to dip and stab his way through his first solo of the night - that I decide I'd rather be seeing The New Barbarians than a Stones show just because it's fresher, looser and almost completely unpretentious.

"Honest" Ron Wood plays something so cosmically faaaaar out Keef starts dissolving into a blur. (Pic Gary Merrin).

Most of the material is drawn from one of three main sources: material from Wood's new album *Gimme Some Neck* and its predecessors *Now Look* and *I've Got My Own Album To Do*, deepdown blues like *Rock Me* and *Worried Life Blues* and Stones numbers. Richards and MacLagan hold down most of the backing vocals, with Richards getting a fistful of numbers of his own to sing.

For one of Richards' vocal numbers, *Let's Go Steady*, Woody dumps his guitar in favour of the tenor sax that's been his pride and joy since Christmas. "Variety you want? Variety you get!" he announces to his audience, rubbing his hands. A present from his girlfriend Jo Howard, the sax used to belong to Plas Johnson, and Wood blows simple but precise triplets alongside Bobby Keyes as Richards delivers a strained but effective '50s gospel blues ballad vocal.

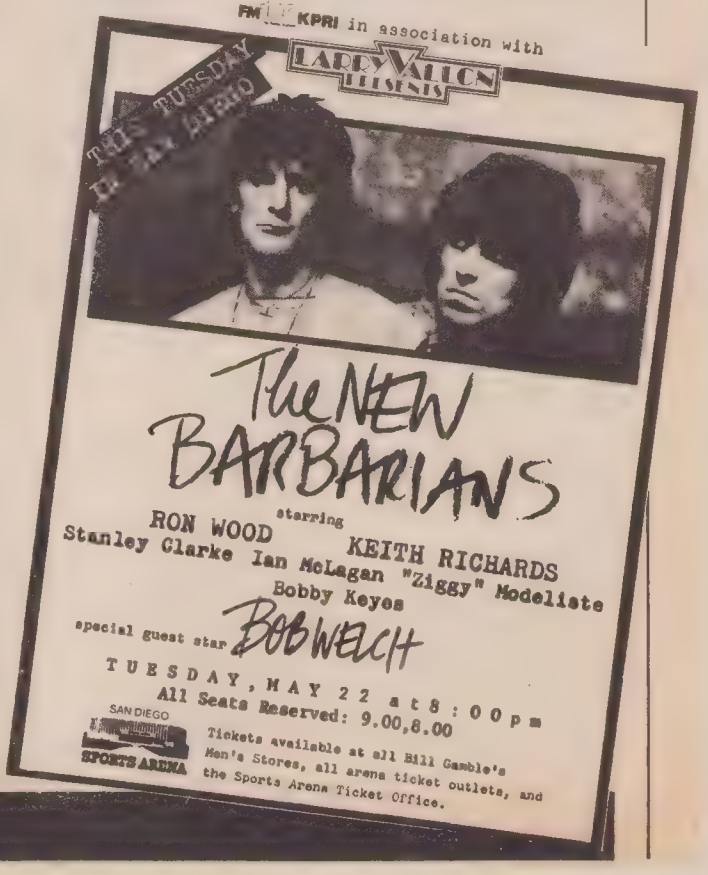
Then it's switcharound time again as a roadie brings out a pedal steel guitar and Keith ducks around behind MacLagan's piano as the diminutive mod moves to the organ for the stone-country *Apartment 109*. The Texas kids lap it up. Sheeeeeeet! Yeeee-haw!

Neither Wood nor Richards has ever been renowned for sterile perfection. The dynamic between them is always subject to the moment: when everything's clicking, they are the epitome of the swagger and stab that two meshing rock and roll guitars can muster; when the wires get crossed they sound like a fight in a scrapyard. They're having persistent tuning problems and amp buzzes anyway: the best guitars, amps and roadcrews that money can buy and they've still got problems.

Richards in particular is goofing out more than any other big time guitar player. Even when they're laying down a *Jumpin' Jack Flash* encore sharp enough to perform open-heart surgery with, he still slides up to a climatic chord and misses it by a good three frets. For the intro to *Rock Me*, he takes a slow 12-bar chorus by himself to introduce the riff, and he misfrets notes, strings fall off his fingers.

He does everything but drop his pick, and stares down the audience as if he's daring someone to make something of it.

On the blues numbers, Wood fishes out a mouth-harp and blows squeaky, tootling Jimmy Reed-style blowing-and-bending figures, a change from the Little Walter/Sonny Boy Willamson/Junior Wells style favoured by most white blues harpists. It bears the same combination of diffidence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and flash that marks almost everything he does.

It's the blues numbers and the funkier pieces like *Infekshun, Am I Grooving You?* and *I Can Feel The Fire* that prove the most combustible. For a start, Clarke and Modeliste get a chance to step out some and the cool, deadly ease with which they negotiate the more complex rhythms is splendidly counterbalanced by the sharp, rough, bourbon-soaked guitars. At one splendid point, Wood - dashing around the stage like a demented parrot on jetskates - ends a solo with a screaming high note so off-key that it's hardly in the same galaxy as the rest of the tune and Clarke puts his head on one side and goes "Whew!" and Wood cracks up....

Gotcha!

Am I Grooving You? fades into Clarke's showpiece: Bootsy Collins meets Sly Stone meets Jimi Hendrix inside Phil Lynott's leather pants, 5,000 watts of skinny soul. It takes him about 90 seconds to pulp the entire audience. he picks the riff from Curtis Mayfield's *Pusherman* in sing-song harmonics (Wood skipping out from the back, where the white boys are taking a breather sip and smoke, to double up the riff on harp to soak the hall in a breath of country blues) and then pounds his bass to a paste with dazzling speed runs and remorseless rhythm figures. He then crosses the stage to do it again, takes his ovation, grins in his beard and steps back to let Modeliste demonstrate a dozen different ways to play the same beat in the space of little over a minute and then everybody comes back refreshed.

"Contrary to what you've heard," shouts Wood, "there ain't no one here but us chickens. There are no special guests tonight....except you lot!"

The roar he gets for that demonstrates that no significant proportion of the almost-but-not-quite sold-out house could give a shit, even during the Stones numbers. "Who The Fuck Is Mick Jagger?" is the message stretched out across the girl photog's T-shirt, and even when Keith kick-starts *Honky Tonk Women*, dragging out the chords so long you think the beat just *has* to fall apart (but it doesn't) no ghosts walk.

Purists may get disapproving and wonder if Ron Wood has the *right* to sing *Honky Tonk Women* or *Jumpin' Jack Flash*, but hell, man, Johnny Winter and Peter Frampton both did *Jumpin' Jack Flash* and *anyone* has more right to do *Jumpin' Jack Flash* than Peter Frampton. Plus things start getting silly when Stones fans start getting protective about *Love In Vain* 'cuz I'm *sure* they checked with Robert Johnson first....

The New Barbarians show is rough, human, good-humoured, energetic, unassuming and strictly life-size. When you see it, you ain't staring at something gigantic and far away. It's not as spectacular and legend-soaked as a Stones show, but it has a warmth and humanity and friendliness that will never waft off a stage that has Mick Jagger on it and THE ROLLING STONES on the poster outside. Whether you still believe in the great Stones myth of The Greatest Rock And Roll Bank In The World or whether you see them in the post-punk light as a bunch of poncy smacked-back old jackoffs, they can never be just a rock band playing for your pleasure and theirs. The New Barbarians can. That's the difference.

"That's partly why I'm becoming an Amerian citizen," explains Ronnie Wood. The show's long over, the jacks are in the boxes and the clowns should have gone to bed but they haven't: they're up in Keith's room. As *Gimme Some Neck* blasts out of Wood's sound system and a thickset denimed lump of Texan muscle called Rob jerks around the room bellowing along with the album...

Wait a second. I've got to tell you about *this* guy.

Rob's eyes bulge behind his glasses and his face goes red. His short curly blond hair is in total disarray. Like Bobby Keyes, he went to the same school in Lubbock, Texas, as Buddy Holly, though they weren't in the same year. What makes Rob a footnote in rock and roll history is that when Buddy got snuffed, young Rob was the cat who inherited Buddy's record collection. Still got 'em at home now.

He leaps up to Wood and grabs Honest Ron's slender white hand in his own huge calloused sausage fingers and pumps along with the record, bellowing lyrics and bourbon at Woody, who is jerked in and out of his seat like a puppet. They hug, Rob lurches off on another tour of the room.

Wood shakes out a Marlboro, tosses it in the air and attempts to catch it in his mouth to regain his composure. He misses completely, tries again and this time almost swallows the damn thing. He pulls it out of his mouth and lights it. Luckily, it's not too damp to burn.

"It's weird, but if I'm an American citizen I'll be able to spend more time in England. I really want to, because London's my fuckin' home, but what with the tax and all...."

I ask him what he thinks about *Thaatchi* and he winces.

"Maybe it'd be better for the country if all the prodigal sons could come back and spread their money around and try and help out some of the people who the government won't be helping out, bring some of the money back home...that doesn't make much sense, does it?"

Keith Richards takes much of the new wave's resentment of the Stones' role pretty much to heart, and seems in turn vaguely resentful of that attitude to the Stones: a kind of I-died-in-the-war-for-you-and-now-you-hate-me-you-ungrateful-jerks viewpoint. How does Woody feel?

"Well, I do feel a little hurt by it, but not as much as Keith because of his being a founder member. I'm still a bit new, so I don't maybe feel quite so isolated, but I don't know...maybe it's what I deserve."

Who do you like out of the newer bands?

"It may sound corny, but I always like The Sex Pistols," he says, a trifle ruefully. The Pistols were the first band to take a massive swing at the Stones, but by order of the unacknowledged kinship that links all British rebel bands no matter how much Jagger and Lydon would deny it, the Stones and the Pistols are karmically related, sons rebelling against fathers. The relationship is perhaps most clearly defined by the fact that Mick Jagger called Malcolm McLaren when the shit first started coming down around Sid Vicious in New York and offered - on behalf of the Stones - any financial and legal aid that might be necessary.

And when McLaren called him back the following night Jagger took it all back...

(Incidentally, just in case anybody feels like denying this, I've heard a tape of McLaren's end of the conversation, so shove it. Okay?).

Richards' attitude to punk is more combative, more competitive. Unlike Wood, he feels personally challenged by the whole thing. In the plane on the way back from Houston, me and Joe Stevens were sitting in the front compartment shooting the shit when up comes Richards, barefoot, white-faced, rumpled, hair spun out like black candy-floss, eyes ringed with exhaustion, one leathery fist still clamped around his bourbon. He looks me up and down, checking the threads (black suit, white shirt, black tie, red sneakers, shades, short hair).

"Hello Charles," he says flatly, voice simultaneously dry, crisp and slurred, "what are you going to do now that punk is dead?"

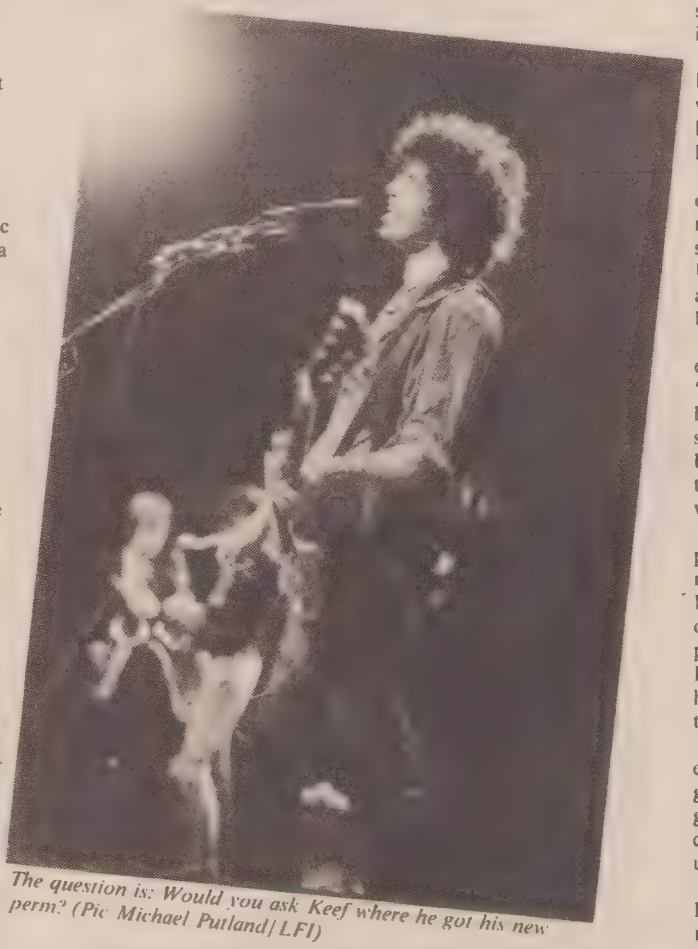
My gorge rises. It's one thing to discuss whether punk is dead when you live in Britain and check the scene, but what the hell right does Keith Richard have to say that from where he sits?

So we start on that, and I tell him that punk didn't just mean punk bands and nihilism, it meant throwing the gates wide open for any sort of band that wanted to play and could do something that means something to kids and that it ain't just stuck in '77 but it's progressing in all sorts of directions. I start telling about the Human League and Stiff Little Fingers and Magazine, f'chrissakes.

"Ah," he says, "but progressing used to mean something different, didn't it? Who's that band who sound like The Doors? I hate them. Progressing used to mean Yes and Genesis and all that lot. What's Public Image about? Johnny Rotten or Lydon or whatever you call him... I like him, but that single's just a Byrds guitar sound, innit? And whether you like 'em or not you've got to admit that McGuinn and those guys do that better than anybody..."

He makes much more sense talking about reggae and blues - Buddy Guy and Junior Wells were supposed to be jamming with them in Chicago, but Buddy was driving up from New Orleans and missed the gig even though Junior got up and blew a few.

"One of my proudest moments was introducing Stanley Clark to Robbie Shakespeare and Zigaboo to Sly Dunbar backstage at Madison Square Gardens."



The question is: Would you ask Keef where he got his new perm? (Pic Michael Putland/LFI)

He unbends considerably when I tell how important reggae is to the new bands, just like blues was to the Stones when they started. He checks Gregory Isaacs and Spear something fierce, and regards *Money In My Pocket* as "pretty lame as Dennis Brown records go." He's had a pad in JA since '66, and he's been hip to reggae for well over a decade, so it ain't like the cat has no ears left or anything. It's just that I regard the scene in the UK as being exciting and valuable and I'm annoyed that he doesn't. What happens is that at different times, he and MacLagan and Wood all latch me and stare at me penetratingly as if they were asking something important and say, "Tell me.... whaddya think of The Police?"

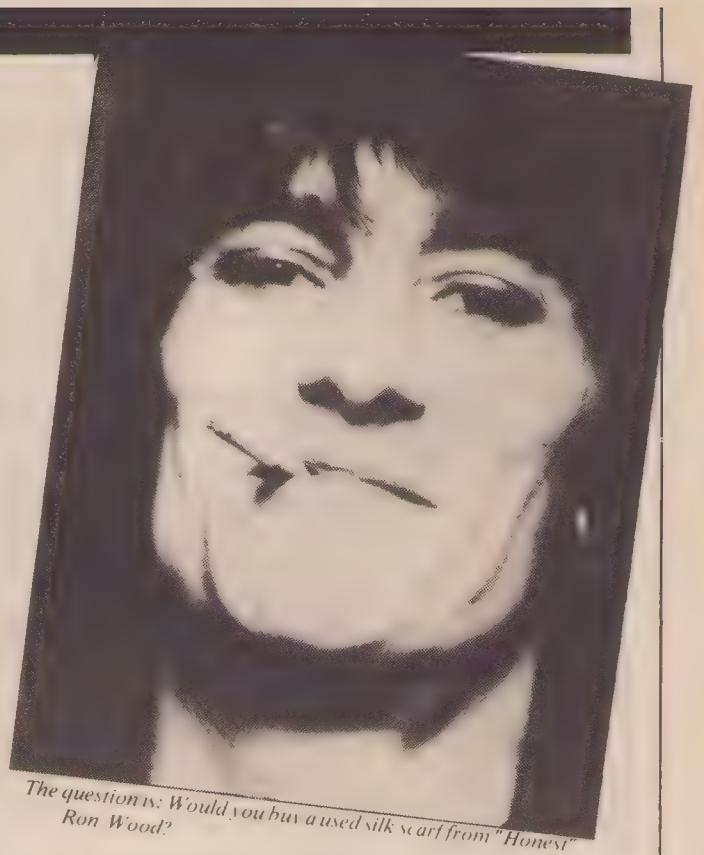
Stanley Clarke is adapting to the loose-knit music of the Barbs with elan and aplomb. He's well and truly turned onto reggae and he's even checked a few punk bands. "What I like about them, I guess, is that there're so *many* of them. What music needs is musicians and the more people there are playing, the better it is."

So how'd a man of Clarke's background get involved in this?

"Well, I'd been playing a few tours with Jeff Beck and a British drummer named Simon Phillips, and I wasn't doin' anything because Jeff has a few things to tie up before we play again. I know Ronnie real well because he'd come to see us a lot, and when he called up I figured this'd be more fun than takin' a holiday.

"It's a looser feel and higher energy, but I ain't a *jazz* bass player. I'm a *bass* player. They're real good to play with."

Modeliste is Wood's favourite drummer after The Great Charlie Watts, who played on every track on the album except for the single, Bob Dylan's *Seven Days*, on which Mick Fleetwood does the duties. If the album has a Stones feel to it, it's not so much Wood who provides it, though his guitar playing is well in the tradition; nor is it Richards, who only plays (and then fairly unobtrusively) on two of the tracks. It's Watts, and *Gimme Some Neck* is another tribute to his genius as the unchallenged chairman of the board of rock and roll drummers.



The question is: Would you buy a used silk scarf from "Honest" Ron Wood?

Wood is explaining how he wormed the song out of Dylan when they were both down in Miami for an Eric Clapton album. "I've always had a lot of front with Bob ever since he came to the party for my first solo album in New York. He was the first to arrive, and no one recognised him at all. He was all wrapped up and he looked greasy and he sidled up to me and said, "Heeeeeeey, man, I really dig your album." (Wood's Dylan impression sounds like anybody else's Dylan impression, but at least it's authentic).

"I just went *huh*? Since then, he's always been really nice. If I call his office, he calls me back in five minutes, like when I had to call to get the words for *Seven Days* out of him." He giggles. "I've got more front than Harrods, I have!"

Rob comes up and tells me that he'd rilly 'preciate it, cousin, if he could wear my red sneakers for the rest of the night. He asks my room number and says he'll have the sneakers outside my door at 8 the next morning. Unfortunately, we take the same shoe size, so we swap - after all, he's an old schoolmate of Buddy Holly's and he's built like a brick shithouse.

There goes the phone! The voice on the other end crackles even though there's no static. "This is Keith, man," it sez. "C'mon up to my room. All the heavies are here and we're havin' a party. Five minutes?" It's his third call. Woody says Keith wants to be interviewed as well, which is fine, because with a bit of luck he may be loaded enough for me to ask him whether he bought his way out of Toronto without getting chucked down a lift shaft.

Keith's room is a floor above Woody's. On the wall are photos of the Barbs, of Peter Tosh. A Rasta flag the size of my living room floor and a beautiful pencil drawing of a Rasta child nestle by the Playmate Of The Month. A tape of the night's gig roars out of a huge cassette player. The place is strewn with empty bottles and loaded people. Bobby Keyes is in a bad mood and his wife is talking to him slowly and intensely. Suddenly he chucks a piece of toast at Wood as a particularly hot slide lick comes up.

"That means I played a lick he wishes *he'd* played." explains Wood. Airily he flicks a Marlboro butt in the general direction of the potted plant in the corner. It falls a good eight inches short and starts burning a hole in the carpet. He looks ruefully about him, scuttles over, picks it up and puts it in an ashtray.

Richards is methodically turning the room upside down. He's looking for a bag of Jamaican 'erb which he has misplaced and he's gonna find it if it takes all night. He keeps rolling the sleeves of his T-shirt up over his shoulders as if the touch of the sleeves is unpleasant to him. Swigging back his bourbon, he rummages through yet another suitcase.

Rob comes bounding up to me, pointing angrily at my sneakers. "These dayim thangs is hurtin' mah ankles!" he says as if I'd deliberately pulled a dirty trick on him. We change back.

Found it! Richards holds his bag of grass proudly aloft, stumbles towards the corner sofa and hauls out his skins. Rob plumps himself down right next to Richards, who looks about him as if he's only just realised where he is and then passes out, cheeks drawn, mouth open, eyes shut.

Rob helps himself to the grass and he and a bunch of gigantic cowboys (members of the Dallas Cowboys football team, as it happens) begin getting wrecked.

Grab grab grab. Richards is schlumpfed out in a corner while a bunch of people he hardly knows ring room service on his tab, smoke his dope and make free with his room. It's a while before anyone gets on the case and then Wood begins clearing out the jetsam and getting Richards revived.

He says he'll ring me if Keith is fit to talk when the room's been cleared. He doesn't, so presumably he wasn't.

Before they make *who* run?

Next morning. I'm trying to find the soul station that we heard in the cab and the sucker is *hiding*. So you make do with the regular stations and a system whereby you switch channels anytime they play Olivia Newton-John. There's a New Barbarians commercial which mispronounces two of the names and plays *Seven Days* and *Jumpin' Jack Flash* as background. When *Jumpin' Jack Flash* was cut, Brian Jones was still alive and Ron Wood was playing bass in Jeff Beck's band.

One more channel and suddenly Jagger's voice fills the room as *Sympathy For The Devil* spills out over Dallas.... *"who killed the Kennedys when after all it was you and me?"*

Awwwwwww, mama....*Texas radio and the big beat....*

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BRYAN FERRY
IN DEFENCE OF POSING

"Let's just have a test-sniff of this here article." (Pix:Frank Griffin/LFI)

NICK KENT DETAILS THE RESURRECTION OF ROXY MUSIC'S FUHRER.

There was a plethora of readily available reasons for Ferry wanting, no, *needing* the Roxy fuse reactived. Wretchedly depressed and fustrated by America's refusal to take his product into their homes en masse, it appeared that Ferry, once so dapper, the very model of ingenuity, an obviously very gifted composer, handsome, well groomed in the F. Scott Fitzgerald mode etc, was becoming unhealthily obsessed with his failed coup.

A solo tour backed by top notch sessioneers like Chris Spedding played the clubs and halls but to little avail - with all touring expenses coming directly out of the Ferry bank account.

After that slog Ferry retreated to Los Angeles with his sweetheart, Texan belle Jerry Hall. The *Siren* era had left the Roxy Music name with a sour taste in the mouths of all concerned, particularly Ferry's, whilst his sojourn in the States was his first real collision with commercial failure. Reports and photographs sent back from LA to the mother country made Ferry seem domesticated, and worst of all, for a man whose best music had always been made under nervous, rigorous conditions, complacent.

"I was fed up with the music business at that point. The *Siren* tour had been dreadfully exhausting and uninspiring in terms of the band having reached a stage of incompatibility. Plus I was getting slagged off left, right and centre to the point where I was seriously thinking of packing it all in. Just leaving the music business altogether."

A song from a subsequent album, *The Bride Stripped Bare*, entitled *Can't Let Go* grants the inquisitive Ferry-watcher a much closer to the bone account of these tempestuous times: times however that were going to get infinitely more tempestuous when, having flown over to Montreux in the deep dark December of 1977 to commence recording the *Bride* album (by himself), Ferry had arranged to have his paramour Ms Hall flown in in twc week's time, giving all concerned a chance to get to grips with the environment and the task at hand. Two weeks elapsed and, after numerous attempts to locate the lady and arrange flight schedules, assorted minions - actually two old cronies of Ferry's - chanced upon a Nigel Dempster column linking the vanishing Texan with the singer of the Rolling Stones pop group: Mick's new love, etc., etc.

And so in the bleak mid-winter in Montreux, Ferry's two longstanding friends were faced with the task of informing him of the news. Again, one only need speculate on the trauma Ferry was thrown into. ("To say he was in a very bad emotional state during that time would be a slight understatement," remarked one of those who tended to the man during this period.)

Again, another song from the *Bride* album grants the inquisitive an infinitely more vivid picture of Ferry's inner turmoil. *When She Walks In The Room* is in fact the only Ferry-composed item that was conceived after the news came through; it's an unembellished cri de coeur that further helped *Bride* to become easily Ferry's finest solo effort. Indeed, it is a ridiculously underrated effort and, in time, will be regarded as a key work in the completed works of Bryan Ferry, for here is a true 'soul' album - a zillion miles from Bowie's self-defined 'plastic soul', *Young Americans* - and an anguished exploration into the realism of star-crossed experience with not a whiff of that long-patented camp that so often seemed Ferry's compositional trump. Devoid of posing, a gruelling sense of anguish lurks just beneath the surface sheen of the superb session musicianship.

The Bride Stripped Bare is also most adamantly not ideal background music for hairdressing salons.

This trumpeting of the *Bride* album may seem odd, considering this piece is after all about Roxy Music now, but - trust me - it is relevant because the very turmoil that formed the snarl of *Bride* has had a powerful effect on Ferry.

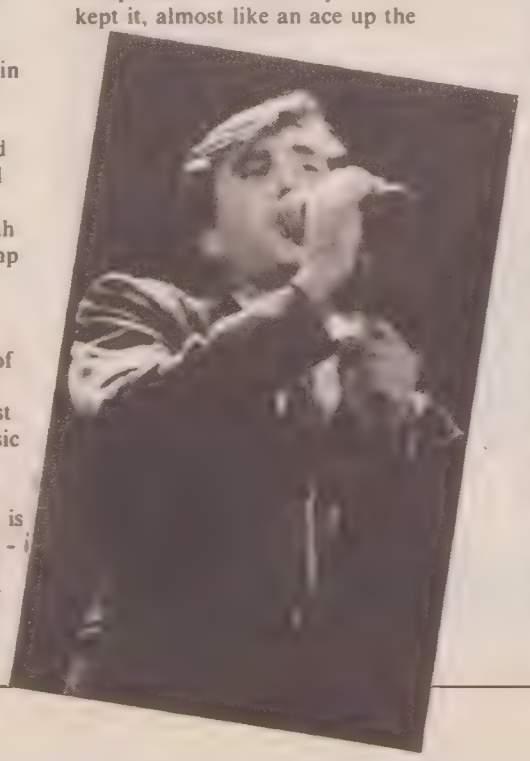
Ferry toyed with the idea of a Roxy reformation after the *Bride* album was only a mild success and the single *Sign Of The Times* failed to break the Top Thirty.

Interviews at that time made him sound a desperate man, and neurotic. He claims that some journalists twisted his answers in order to make him appear like that. "It's an old trick, good copy and all that. Now I'm very wary of giving interviews."

From all official reports the regrouping started very informally.

"I had the idea for *Manifesto* for simply ages. From the very outset I knew it was going to be the title of the album - that's always happened with every album we've made. I always have the title, be it *For Your Pleasure* or *Country Life*, down first. I saw it as the perfect statement of intent if you like - a very strong word that conjured up cross references with all the great artists - the futurists (pause)...not that I'd be so immodest as to align myself with them. (*Pull the other one, Bry - Ed*).

"As I recall, it was the last song completed but that's only because I kept it, almost like an ace up the sleeve. Because if you tell someone, it immediately leaks out and the impact is blown."



Ferry, above all, seems more stable, a more genuinely agreeable person, more mature and one whose character has in fact benefited from the various traumas that have dogged him these past two years or more.

There is still a strong hint of the rock elitist, a quasi-priggishness more amusing than offensive to behold.

As for his critics, I believe he has a right to ignore them, despite the fact that *Manifesto* received few rave reviews - as so often happens, its subtlety was diagnosed as vapidity.

And if I sound overly defensive about this band, then it's because I believe both they and Ferry have been overburdened with trite putdowns. Too many people forget that Television wanted Eno to produce them because they were under the misguided belief that he could get them 'the Roxy Music sound'. Too many people don't know how Richard Hell religiously trekked over to a friend's apartment daily to be inspired by the music on *Siren* or how in the early Talking Heads David Byrne modelled himself on Ferry.

And goddammit, too many people forget that Roxy Music were a beacon of light in the darkness of mid-70's wasteland rock.

Roxy never sold out to tacky trends and still haven't. Instead they created their own - and in terms of style and content they were unique. They could be unbearably contrived, but they were never glib and Ferry, although sometimes guilty of stupid manoeuvres, of crass egocentricity, of being humourless, a snob and a soppy romantic was for real.

All those past tenses deserve being turned into present tenses because Roxy are back, spirited and inspired. Stronger through the years indeed.

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CLASSIFICATION "A" (NOT SUITABLE FOR AIRPLAY)

KEE SAND By Cold Chisel Atlantic single No. 100073
Atlantic album No. 600038
"Cold Chisel"

Lyric: "And their legs were often open
But their minds were always closed"

COMMITTEE VOTING: UNANIMOUS FOR "A" CLASSIFICATION

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SUBJECT RECORDINGS UNSUITABLE NO. 197

FROM. EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT

The Program Committee brings to the attention of all members the following tracks:

CLASSIFICATION "A" (NOT SUITABLE FOR AIRPLAY)

I'M GONNA ROLL YA "Breakfast at Sweethearts" album
by Cold Chisel
Elektra 600042

Lyric: "Fuckin' on a barricade"

COMMITTEE VOTING: Unanimous for "A" classification

CLASSIFICATION "B" (DRAWN TO MANAGERS' ATTENTION)

GOODBYE (ASTRID GOODBYE) "Breakfast at Sweethearts" album
by Cold Chisel
Elektra 600042

Lyric: "And I ain't gonna listen to no more pissin' around"

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3 for "B" classification

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A fragmented history and times of XTC. Origins, playing with Talking Heads in New York, present circumstances and the forthcoming Oz-tour. By: ALLAN JONES

XTC (l to r): Colin Moulding, Andy Partridge, Terry Chambers, David Gregory.

The more discerning members of England's rock audience first became aware of XTC's presence in the summer of 1977, when they first ventured onto the London new wave circuit. They were immediately congratulated by critics for the individuality of their music; for its wit, frenetic eclecticism and its abundant invention. Their kinetic synthesis of pure pop allusions and bizarre musical structures (which almost perversely subverted the straightforward appeal of their songs) distanced them from the savage thrashing of most of their contempories.

Their first record release (they were signed by Virgin in the autumn of 1977), *XTC 3D EP*, confirmed their promise and the subsequent album, *White Music*, was received with clamorous applause by the critics.

Some, however, found it a little too self-consciously contrived and painfully arty. Its energy could not be denied, though, and such charges were made redundant, anyway, when XTC released their second album, *Go 2*. A much more assured and individual vision - most notably expressed through two classic Andy Partridge songs, *Meccanik Dancing (Oh We Go!)* and *Battery Brides (Andy Paints Brian)* - offered evidence of a greater depth and sense of purpose. The more flippant strategies of *White Music* were virtually abandoned. The weird, almost gratuitously discordant, tangents relentlessly pursued on the first album were more carefully integrated, the bizarre accents more genuinely inventive.

Again, the critics poured on the superlatives. But the public - as is often the case - were less anxious to recognise the group's apparent worth. *Go 2* sold respectably, but only marginally outpointed the sales of its predecessor.

The band had released at least two *apparently* certain hit singles - *This Is Pop* and *Statue Of Liberty* - to no significant response. A third, *Are You Receiving Me*, a blatant tilt at the top, similarly failed to ignite the public imagination.

Inevitably, they became the target for the snipers. A European tour attracted considerable speculation about their future. They were, it was rumoured, so disappointed and disconsolate at the relative failure of *Go 2* that they were considering the prospect of an early retirement.

But then, out of the blue, a much impressed David Byrne from Talking Heads invited the group to be "special guests" at a prestigious Beacon Theatre engagement in New York.

"We *might* have split," confided drummer Terry Chambers during an energetic bar-hopping expedition in the Big Apple. "I think it might have been a bit doubtful if this trip hadn't come up. But we're here you know, and still together. It's given us more hope. I think we've come through all that....we're not as frustrated now. We can see it'll take a bit of time. It'll all work out...."

Andy Partridge, when we settled down for a more formal intereview, virtually echoed Chambers' observations.

"The lowest I've ever felt was at the end of the British stretch of the *Go 2* tour," he remarked. "The audiences seemed so confused and disappointed that we weren't more of a kind of Kiss-Devo-Ramones mish-mash. But I'm less impatient now, for that kind of widespread success.

"We've realised, for instance, that the people we pull are not really *applauders*, you know. Our audiences are a bit shy. So we didn't get much applause during the British tour. Even the gigs we were selling out we didn't get lots of applause. I don't think it was because the audience hates us. It's just that our audiences aren't demonstrative in that way, I think.

"I mean, we weren't giving off the traditional *'Hey, Sutton Coldfield, do you want to rock'n'roll!!!!'* vibe. And since we weren't giving that one a beating we weren't getting the *'Hey, we're Sutton Coldfield being rocked!!!'* vibe back off the audience. I think we're all becoming aware that to get that sort of response we'd have to delve into the depths of smoke bombs and exploding lasers.

"And we have no intention of doing *that*. I mean, we're *not* a circus act."

The New York concert is introduced by Byrne - *"This band is XTC, they're very good and have two albums out. I love them."* XTC launch with immediate verve into *Science Friction*, whose seesaw rhythms and percussive punctuation quickly draws the last of the audience out of the bars and into the auditorium.

The long, meandering instrumental introduction to *Battery Brides* becomes in itself extraordinarily affecting; the tempo is almost somnambulant, a hazy shift of sound, full of intriguing understated incident. And with breathtaking nerve they collide as they resurface with the exploding knots of *X Wires*.

This Is Pop delights the New York audience, whose enthusiasm seems transmitted to the band, who subsequently wallop through *Red* with frantic urgency and again reach a tremendous climax with *Radios In Motion* and *Set Myself On Fire*.

They are denied an encore, however. They have played more than their allocated time and as soon as the last careering chords of *Fire* have been struck the houselights go straight up and the house PA starts playing Kraftwerk tapes to set the mood for Talking Heads. The mood in XTC's dressing room after the gig is one of carefully expressed confidence. "I think we just about pulled it off," says Partridge.

At Cortile in Little Italy - just down the road from Umberto's Clamhouse, where Joey Gallo got his just after the main course - and a confrontation between Devo's Jerry Casale and Andy Partridge who clearly couldn't give a toss.

Partridge, to everyone's surprise, comes on over lunch like some kind of yokel Lou Reed, flabberblasting poor Casale with an endless stream of anecdotes about the Penhill Mutants, which reaches a lurid climax with a monologue on the subject of masturbation ("Are we not yobs?" asked keyboardist Barry Andrews over his shoulder, while bass player Colin Moulding clearly thought Andy had gone well over the top), which had Casale first smiling indulgently, then reddening and soon after, leaving.

As we begin our interview Partridge and I are still smirking about the incident, which has an extra irony in that XTC had that very week been described in one New York rock magazine as "the *real* Devo."

"It was just a joust of egos, really," he says of the confrontation. "It was like saying, 'Come off it, mate, with all this Devo stuff, 'cos we come from a place where *everybody's* Devo, and they can't help it. So stop making a big circus out of it.' I was just trying to out-Devo him. Trying to remove the specialness from Devo, if you like."

You don't, then, see any particular similarities between XTC and Devo, no real point of contact?

"I thought the comparison was quite cute. And I can see the fun in them dressing up and having a great old time. But ultimately it strikes me as false. I like to be real with the music. As real as they'll let you be, anyway. There might be some kind of similarity, but only in the way that they seem to take songs apart in the same way as us. Just in the way they seem to *destroy* songs in the same manner as XTC. Like us, they seem to do songs almost *wrong*. He seemed to think we were Devo copyists. But we arrived at that style independently of Devo. We all played very normally until several years ago when we fell into playing *abnormally* simply 'cos we found that much more exciting. We were doing that as a parallel to Devo. We were doing it in Swindon, they were doing it in Akron. They were dressing up. We weren't.

"They've been more successful 'cos everybody loves a circus...They come on with the outfits and the funny hand signals and the circus, you know, and it's successful 'cos that's what people want to see. They want it to be magic, you know, and they want the magic to be obvious. They want it all to look mysterious. But there's no real mystery. There's no magic in creating. It's very easy.

"And when we go on it's like a bunch of musicians who're turned the wrong way, and you can see how all the tricks work. You can see all the sleights of hand. You can see the strings and the trapdoors and the doves and where we keep all the cards. It's a kind of deliberate demystification ...and that either puts people right off us, or it lures them."

Partridge admits that XTC are now fairly resigned to the fact that their popularity will escalate more slowly than they had originally anticipated, and they are now prepared to let it grow at its own discreet tempo.

There was a time recently, says Partridge, when Virgin, their English record company, seemed exasperated by XTC's perversity in destroying quite deliberately the commercial appeal of their songs.

"Simon Draper actually got quite annoyed with us, I think. He said 'Look - you could be having number one hit records, but you insist on throwing in these bits that put everything off course'." Now even Virgin have become resigned to the group's deliberate idiosyncracies, and their determination to avoid compromise.

"XTC are really a bit of a perverse joke," he says. "We were always saying how much we really wanted to become rich an famous and we were doing nothing of the kind of thing that would bring us success. In fact we were going the other way.

"We still want to be successful and I'm still convinced we will be. But we're prepared to accept the reality of the situation. We haven't made any money out of this. Our debts are still phenomenal...finances are a *bastard*.

"It's funny, you know, you jet halfway around the world and people see you on TV, they see your picture in magazines and they assume immediately that you have STAR printed on the inside of your underpants. But, you know, I'm afraid it's St Michael's (*cheapo English underdaks*) for us. And if it is for a bit longer we'll just have to accept it."

Two months after the American excursion, the lingering feeling of unrest within XTC is given exorcism, of a sort. Keyboards player Barry Andrews leaves the band because of "personal differences and the fact that there was too much music to come out through the same outlet." Well, that's what he said. Subsequently XTC added another Swindon lad, guitarist David Gregory.

"We are definitely looking forward to Australia," says Andy Partridge in surprisingly calm, measured tones for a man who's been working in the studio all day and then finds himself called to the phone at 2.30 a.m. to talk to the colonies.

"We were originally a bit nervous and not knowing what to expect," he confesses. "But we spoke to Talking Heads who said they had a good time. The

He also looks forward to playing to audiences who *don't* associate XTC with keyboards.

"Barry was discontent within the band and this, combined with the fact we didn't like his songs on *Go 2*, frustrated him further and led to various small arguments. We didn't want his songs on the album actually, because we didn't think they were good enough. So all in all it was a fairly natural thing he'd leave."

In case you hadn't guessed, Andy Partridge's humour can take a w ry, deadpan turn. He doen't, however, hold back on enthusiasm for the new XTC.

"There's a very *primitive* sound on the new album. The drums are recorded loudly and up front. The emphasis on rhythm. There's still holes and spaces but the emphasis is on the drums. It's a very primitive sound, for us anyway. The two guitars are combined well. I play very spiky guitar, David plays very fluid, very clean. So you get spikes with fluidity running over the top, a very interesting sound. We don't miss the keyboards."

But does some of XTC's best known, older *material* miss the keyboards?

"Well, a lot of it actually sound better. Some of the old songs were meant for two guitars anyway. *This Is Pop* sounds better with two guitars. *Statue Of Liberty*...well, maybe not so good. On *Meccanik Dancing*, *Set Myself On Fire* and *Science Friction* we actually use a small synthesiser for background punctuations, like a ghost of the past in a way.

"But we make no big thing about the synthesiser....excuse me falling asleep, it's 2.30 a.m. here and it's been a hard day.... All in all we felt there were just too many bands using that whizzing, tinny organ sound and we were getting labelled as a keyboard band. So it was a stroke of luck we moved on actually."

Earlier in the piece he describes XTC audiences as not "demonstrative". Does that effect still apply

"Oh, we've grown to live with that now. We're not a band who comes out and says we're gonna give you rock'n'roll and make you move. For bands whose music is geared to make you dance, there's obviusly a terrible sense of failure if the audience doesn't. And that's terrible. A band shouldn't fail just because the audience doesn't dance. It just means you haven't connected on that level. It might have been a great gig but they just didn't feel like dancing. People may be rocking inside their heads but not on their feet.

"If they want to move about, that's fine. But if they don't, that's also fine.

"We went through a very 'obscure' phase when things like that were really starting to get to us and we were just floating in all directions. But things are really good now. We feel like a group that wants to propel each other along. And *that* feeling communicates to audiences, we believe, whether they dance or not."

3XY

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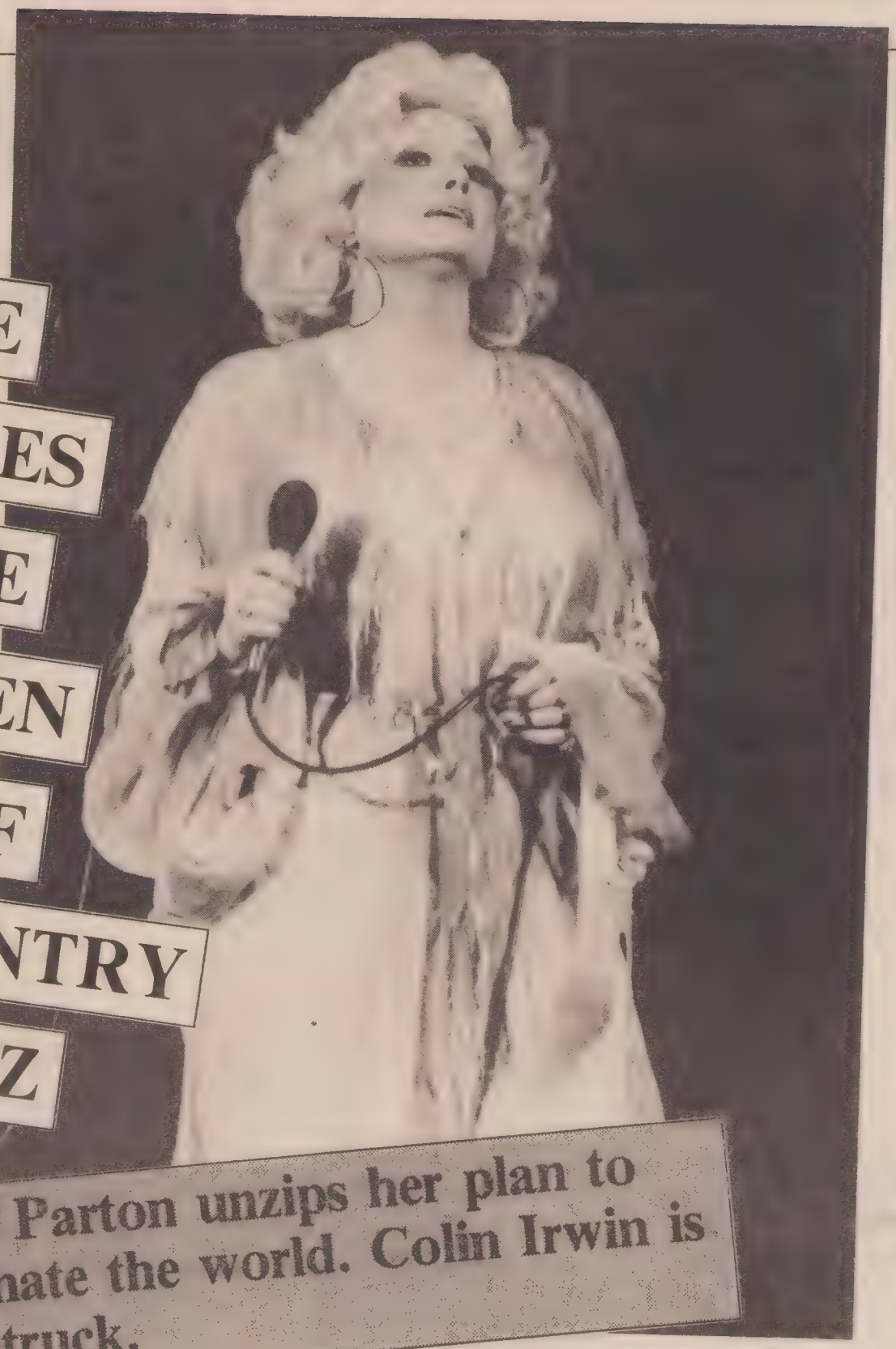

Dolly Parton unzips her plan to dominate the world. Colin Irwin is awe-struck.

You hear the giggle first. A shrill, child-like burst of glee that pierces the wall from the next room and swamps you with its infectious delight before subsiding as suddenly as it arrived. The more cruel have suggested she's worked long and hard to refine its effect.

And then you are ushered in to The Presence...and **wham** ...it's as overwhelming as you knew it would be. The aura she exudes is utterly stupefying, so flamboyant that it's impossible to ignore the suspicion that what we have here is the ultimate fantasy of a crazed doll-maker.

She's flicking through a book about Andy Warhol that somebody's just sent her (Andy being a fan) and leaps to attention as you approach, all huge beams, giggles, and body. Her torso has been well documented, but they didn't warn me about the eyes...huge blue-grey round things that drown you pitilessly from beneath black spidery eyelashes. The face is a gentle hue of pink, great silver circles loop from her ears, while the fingernails stretch out for miles from fingers dazzlingly decorated by silverware.

"Oh boys," she says, all wide eyed, in the ambling, intoxicating drawl of East Tennessee. "If ah'd had knowhun yew wez gonna tahk ma picture ah would have dressed up nahce f'yew."

The boys dissolve.

For ten minutes I just gawp, unable to comprehend the vision, but she - obviously well acquainted with such a reaction - accepts it gracefully, perhaps even with relish, and rattles on....."Been a hectic day but ah'm pretty used t'that now an' ah enjoy meetin' new people cos ah get a lotta ideas for songs because of certain personalities that ah meet. Mahbe ah'll wraht a song 'bout yew. Ah'll call it *Laughing Eyes.*"

Sigh. I think I'm in love.

Dolly Parton, irrefutably, is God's contribution to music journalism. She makes PR people redundant.

Because she is so endearing, it would be easy to underestimate her. The image is a gaudily extreme extension of her own personality, but there's a cold calculation in there.

She is a totally determined lady, unlimited in her ambition, eager for as much money and acclaim as she can achieve. There are hints that she's keen to be one of the legends of her generation. And every step in her career has been carefully thought out and planned in order to reach that end. That's why she had to leave Porter Wagoner and strike out on her own, that's why she had to dump her Travelling Family Band in favour of the more versatile and accomplished Gypsy Fever, that's why she had to go out of Nashville for management, that's why she had to branch out from country music and get national hits. Unquestionably, she manipulates.

And yet you will love her. Because she admits it. Where others make you cringe with their synthetic sincerity, Dolly is disarmingly honest about it all, constantly sending herself up, mockingly talking about her wigs and her figure. She admits that her bizarre stage act and her appearance are merely means to an end, and you can even forgive the weepy sentiment of so much of her material, born out of the stifling poverty in which she was brought up.

Coat Of Many Colours, for example - which she has often cited as her favourite song - reconstructed the Joseph story in the Bible, but was also based on a traumatic experience she herself had as a child. How can anyone with a heart knock that?

"Ah've bin a wrahter an' a singer all mah life an' ah was as popular as anybody could be in country music. But ah was only sellin' lahk...200,000 albums, so altho' ev'body wez talkin' 'bout how good ah wez, there's jes'a certain amount of people who buy records in country music an' y'can't expect t'make a lot of money jes' in country music. Y'have t'make records that cross over. So since this is mah bizness then ah should try t'make the most of it, an' reach a broader audience, an' make as much money as ah could.

"Country music is mah first lerve an'ah would have lerved it had all mah albums crossed over jes' the way they were an' ah would have made a lotta money. But tahms change, music moves on, an' ah'm th'kinda person who likes ta move with th'tahms. Ah don't wanna get left behind. An' when ah first started this big move, this big cross over, ah knew ah was gonna have to get a lotta publicity. So ah got the *best* management, the *best* PR people t'expose me. *T'expose* me to th'public. Let 'em see who ah am. Let 'em hear abaht me. Let 'em hear why ah look the way ah look. *Why* my music is so important t'me. *Why* it's important t'me t'be an international star.

"But it's not jes' th'money. Th'money *is* nice. Th'money.... s'important an' ah wanna mahk jes' as much of it as ah can, lahk everybody else, an' especially if ah'm gonna spend mah lahf in the business. It's lahk ah gave myself a.... *promotion*. Everybody wants t'better themselves an' t'be promoted an' to eventually wind up at th'top. *T'own* th'company. Run th'whole shebang."

The thought of Dolly Parton as head of RCA is quite breathtaking.

New Harvest.....First Gathering, released in 1977, was the album that signalled the change in direction of her bid to be a legend, including rock standards like Jackie Wilson's *Higher And Higher* and a more fiery, full-blooded production. The new publicists informed the world pretty thoroughly of a change of image for Dolly Parton, and she and her new band Gypsy Fever crashed into the new audience with a startling, electrifying performance at New York's Bottom Line.

Rhinestone suits were replaced by glittering gowns, her stage flamboyance redoubled and she lapped up the sensation she aroused. People like Patti Smith and Andy Warhol came to see her at the Bottom Line.

Her decision to cross over has been vindicated by the success of her last two albums, *Here You Come Again* and *Heartbreaker*, both of which have won platinum status. She owns three publishing companies, she has the copyright controls over various products in her name from dolls to crayoning books, and she's forming a production company.

Yet there are paradoxes here. She's shrewd, she's ambitious, she's richly talented, she's calculating; but she's blatently not ruthless or uncaring in her quest. It's a conflict that has caused her much pain. She's extremely sensitive to criticism - she admits she often cries when she reads something bad about her - and she's devoted to her family. She's been married for twelve years to an asphalt worker named Carl Dean, who's something of a mystery figure, apparently harbouring an antipathy towards the music business.

The fourth of 12 children, brought up on a ramshackle ranch in Sevier County, Tennessee, Dolly states: "We were so poor ah thought anyone whose house was clean was *rich*."

A background evidently that gave her the determination to make something of herself, and intoxicated her with the glamour and the romance of stardom. "When ah was a kid," she says, "when ah found out Elvis Presley loved hot dogs ah couldn't believe it. Ah thought 'Elvis Presley eats *HOT DOGS*?' There were so many of us kids, we didn't have *anythin'*. We were real pitiful poor. Ah used t'think that stars and rich people never had family problems, but there's lotsa pressure an' it really hurts cos you work so hard and you're th'same little kid you were when you dreamed of everythin' you've become."

She describes Ronstadt as her favourite female artist (favourite males vary from Cat Stevens to Don Williams to Otis Redding to George Jones to Merle Haggard - Dolly listens to rock as much as to country). And she thinks Emmylou Harris should have a bigger following than she has.

"Talent is talent. Ah think Emmy, Linda, me, anybody who has th'talent an' th'desire shouldn't have to be put in a damn cage. It's jes' lahk if you're black, they wanna call y'a nigger. If y'are country they wanna call y'hillbilly. An' if ya try, they call you sonofabitch. So what're y'sposed t'do?

The long anticipated album she, Ronstadt and Harris were making together has been shelved for the time being. They recorded some of it but weren't totally happy with what they put down and have set the project aside until they are all free to devote sufficient time and energy to it.

"It's jes' got to be *great*. Cos th'world'll be 'spectin' it to be great an' thet's a real big pressure. Becos nuthin' hurts more than a bad review on an album you've jes' put blood, sweat an' tears, an' soul an' heart an' mind into. We want it t'be great so at least it can be a good album we can leave behind in history. We tried to record an album in too little time an' jes' grabbed th'songs - 'bout five of 'em were mine. An' we had lots of bizness problems as well. With three different artists an' three different managers there's all sorts of problems. But we're gonna do it cos it's the three of us that wanna do it and no amount of bizness can change the desire. Th'three of us are th'artists so they can't tell *us* we can't do it. But we jes' gotta have th'best songs an' we have t'have the best producers, an' we gotta sing our best, cos everybody's waitin' for it."

She says she's proud when anybody records her songs, and even though she feels they've been interpreted differently to the way she'd envisaged, she wouldn't have the "bad manners" to criticise anybody's version of one of her songs. She does express her liking however for the way Ronstadt did *I Will Always Love You* and Emmylou's cover of *Coat Of Many Colours* and *To Daddy*. She herself has performed Emmylou's classic, *Boulder To Birmingham*.

"Ah thought th'song wez jes' great an' ah happened to hear a story, which ah won't repeat, but a story of why th'song was written an' it struck me as an extremely sad song. In fact ah recorded th'song an' it struck me so emotional, knowin' the story ah'd been told, that ah actually *cried* when ah was singin' th'song. Ah put it out and a lot o'people said ah oversung the song an' it was totally misinterpreted th'whole thing an' it wez not an emotional song. But it *wez*."

Like other people, I've always interpreted *Boulder To Birmingham* as being Emmylou's reaction to the death of Gram Parsons but she's off on another track before I can ask whether that was what caused her so much emotion. So we move hurriedly...The *Times* squad is waiting outside for another interview and Dolly - wilting at the edges for the first time, having already beautifully played Queen Bee at a press reception in her honour - is anxious to get away to see *Midnight Express*. A figure who looks like he might be a manager of some sort has crept into the hotel room and seems poised to leap in and call a halt.

The next logical step in the Parton Plan to conquer the world is movies. She's always expressed disinterest in acting, though she seems naturally equipped, but has at last signed a three movie deal with 20th Century Fox. The first will be a situation comedy - "somethin' like th'early Barbra Streisand movies" - to be shot within the year, with Dolly composing the music and acting a leading role.

Inevitably, there comes from the background a formal invitation to terminate the interview. I plead one final question and ask her, off the wall, what she would like to have done had she not been a singer. "Waal," she says giggling again, "Ah was so full of music that ah never did think that much 'bout anythin' else. Ah wez always sure ah wez gonna make it. Ah was always sure ah wez gonna be rich an' famous an' have rings an' cars an' buy things when ah wanted to an' buy all the hot dogs ah wanted to an' all th'candy. Ah always thought ah would. If ah had not made it ah think ah would like t'have been a missionary becos ah like t'be around people, and ah think ah have special qualities with children. Ah lerv little kids. Ah don't have any of mah own though. Ah know if ah had children of mah own ah'd lerv 'em so ah'd give up mah career an' everythin' else cos ah don't believe ah could do both things. Ah don't feel any desire t'have children an' mah husband isn't interested either, though if ah wanted to ah could for 'nother eight years. Ah'm 32 now, an' anyway ah'd be jes' as happy with one that wez adopted. But we always have little children around. Ah'm *everybody's* mother."

DR. FEELGOOD

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FRIDAY	20	ROYAL ANTLER HOTEL, SYDNEY
SATURDAY	21	CLOUDLAND BALLROOM, BRISBANE
MONDAY	23	WAGGA INSTITUTE
TUESDAY	24	CANBERRA
THURSDAY	26	CAULFIELD INSTITUTE, MELBOURNE
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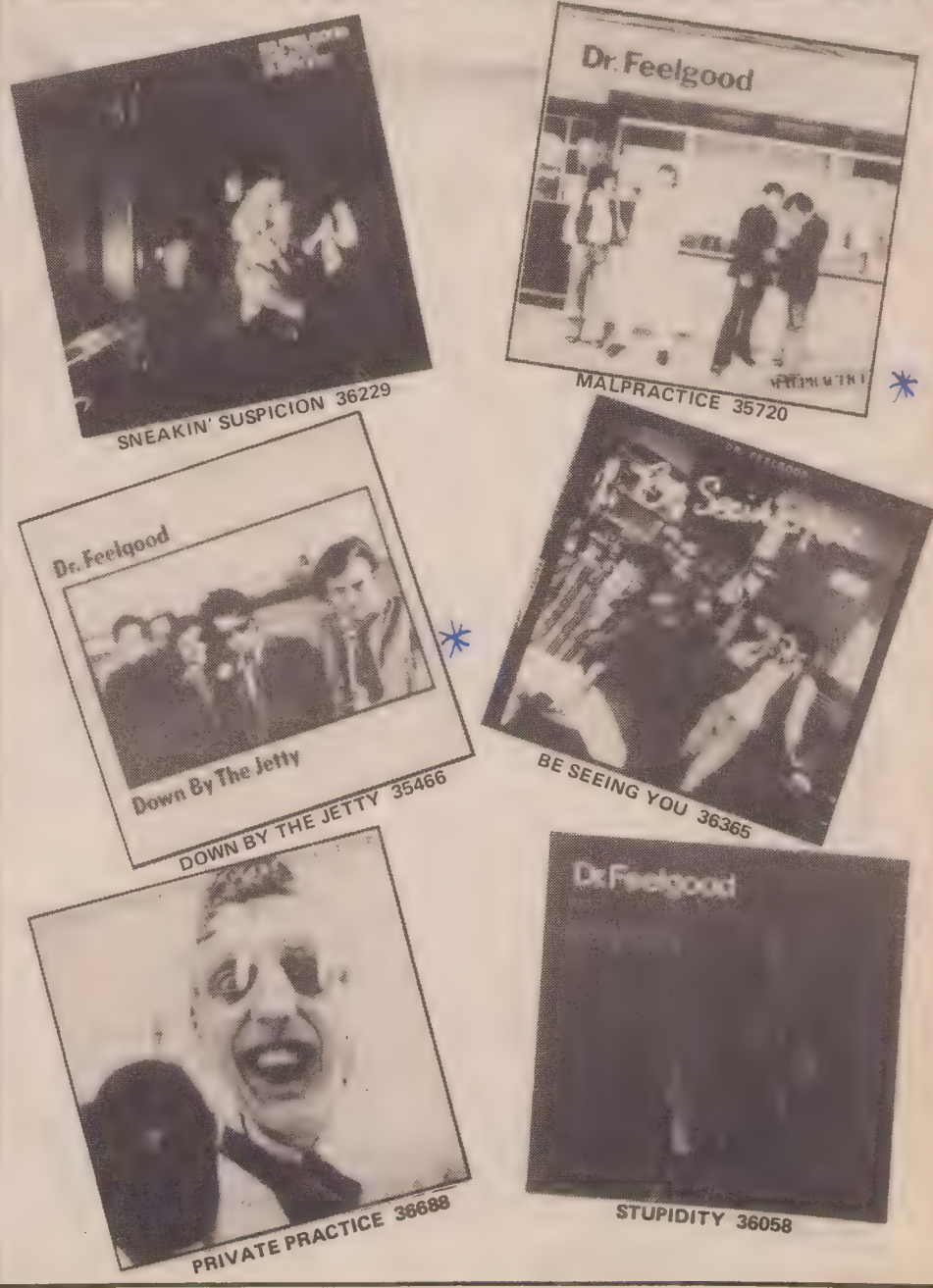

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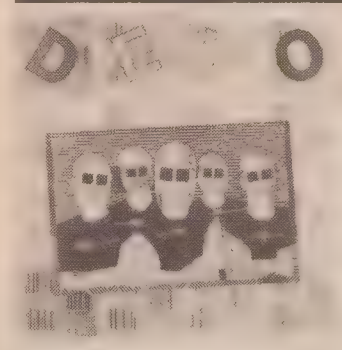


DEVO
Duty Now For The Future (W.B.)

The main charge against Devo is that they are fiddling while the world burns; that they hold only contempt for the human spirit - a charge I would have thought fairly specious in a world full of Supertramps. Devo actually write songs about people and life. And if they aren't reassuring, well, be glad that it's more of an American nerve that they expose and irritate.

Whatever else, Devo aren't about to be dismissed. Neither detractor nor admirer will be shocked to find that they've made another commercial biscuit. And once again, the cover presents the average spud with orientation problems. Yet, oddly, the group present a hesitant visual profile - perhaps so as not to over-alienate the shy punter.

Duty Now... is also musically less sudden and dynamic than its predecessor, recorded more in keeping with mainstream production values by producer Ken Scott, who tries to curb what Eno tried to exaggerate. Scott at times succeeds in making Devo sound like The Tubes - which might make sense in the marketplace but just makes me disappointed.

The album - whose title is an obscure alimentary pun about being less uptight - starts at the end of another working day for Everyman with the *Devo Corporate Anthem* and *Clockout*, an exuberant song about a better life. After a brief instrumental break comes *Wiggly World*, frantic and funny, a great song, (one of five great songs on the same side), redolent of *Space Junk* from *Are We Not etc*, where Devo also portrayed themselves in their favourite pinhead role of being helplessly caught up in something bigger than they can know.

They sustain these rabid temperatures through *Blockhead* (no relation), *Strange Pursuit* and *Swelling Itching Brain*.
But on side two Devo falter and start and falter again. *Triumph Of The Will* loses out to the effete and dull production. *The Day My Baby Gave Me A Surprize* is cute but inconsequential. *Pink Pussycat* has the drawbacks of both and the advantages of neither. It seems barely realised. *Secret Agent Man* makes a shakey transition onto vinyl, but not so the live climax *Smart Patrol/Mr DNA* which is the centre-piece of the side and also an essential conceptual component of Devography with lines like: *"Afraid nobody round here understands my potato/I think I'm only a spudboy, looking for a real tomato."*

It would have made far more sense on the first album than it does here, where its crude, lurid noises grate against the generally smoother renditions of the songs. This less obtrusive sound lends itself to Devo's more insidious songs, such as the closer, *Red Eye Express*, a brief snatch of paranoia from the experts.

Perhaps significantly, this is the last new Devo record album before the 1980s.

Paul Rambali

MOTORHEAD
Overkill (Bronze)

Overkill? Never was an album so appropriately named. And if the cover doesn't warn you, or if song titles like *Damage Case, Tear Ya Down* and *Limb From Limb* aren't enough, the first 15 seconds of this will steamroll right over your head - and there's 38 more minutes to go. It makes mincemeat out of the words 'no-nonsense rock and roll'.

Motorhead, three men who have well and truly paid their dues, have come up with a vinyl blitzkrieg, guaranteed to pulverize skulls. Front man Lemmy spent four years in Hawkwind, which says a lot, but don't jump to conclusions about that connection.

This is heavy metal rock, but not of the stack-heeled, satin shirt, somnambulist Black Sabbath variety. This is greasy, hard-ass, grass-roots fast heavy metal that has more to do with, say, MC 5 than the decibel dirge that epitomizes the latter-day exponents of the style (though volume is just as essential to Motorhead's offensive).

The album is a revved-up rampage designed to overwhelm with the subtlety of a jackhammer. It was recorded quickly (e.g. *Capricorn* was done completely to the band's satisfaction on the first take), which explains the fearsome rawness of the tracks. They bear down on you like a score of threshing machines.

Riding the grimy glory of the thrashed drums (from Phil Taylor) and open slather guitar (from Eddie Clark), bassist Lemmy forces out hoarse weatherbeaten vocals which, more than anything, document the abuses of the past he has put his body through. Considering the ravaged existence he has subjected himself to (and probably still does), *Damage Case, No Class* and the other tracks could well be autobiographical - products of a mangled cranium intent on taking a few others with it.

Overkill insists on being played loud - that's L-O-U-D - and at the required volume, somewhere around the threshold of pain, it is an awesomely enjoyable form of terminal brain damage. In all their vintage seedy nastiness, the ten tracks here crush all resistance. Surrender or die.

Bill Holdsworth

PATTI SMITH GROUP
Wave (Arista)

Patti Smith has never been one to worry about sticking her neck out; it's unquestionably her greatest strength, but there's always the possibility it's going to be cut off, and to my ears at least, *Wave* is her decapitation.

Yet in many ways this could be said to be The Patti Smith Group's finest album. The band has never played with more finesse, the songs have a completeness as never before and Patti has forsaken many of the obscure references that characterised her early songs in favour of more general subjects.

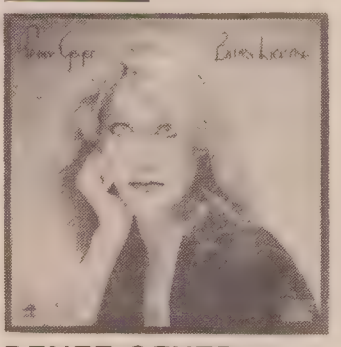
The commercial success of *Because The Night* is undeniably a factor. Having found herself with a wider audience within reach, understandably she doesn't want to alienate them with anything as experimental as *Radio Ethiopia* or even *Horses*, and so we find none of those ragged, bleeding moments like *Land* or *25th Floor*: no longer is Patti Smith fighting and cussing to redefine her art or rock'n'roll.

This is most clear on one of the album's best cuts, *So You Want To Be A Rock'n'roll Star*. Once she would have done this with frustration, tearing at the limits of human expression to communicate the depths of her passion as *Land* does, yet this version is just a formal, if excellent reading of the song, a great deal less than the inspiration for a thousand kids to take up guitars against a sea of troubles. Her interpretations of the classics have always been one of her strong points, her versions of *Hey Joe, Gloria* or *My Generation* demonstrating feeling and commitment are more important than technical ability. *So You Wanna* says none of that - at best it's a cover version.

Patti Smith has always been concerned with ecstasy, with release from the restrictions of the conventional which has led to her love for the outlaw artists like Rimbaud and Jackson Pollock and to her wild religious beliefs. On *Wave* she has imposed her own boundaries. *Dancing Barefoot* for instance is a song that draws parallels between a woman in love and the spiritual energy of the whirling dervishes, a typical Patti Smith theme, but this time the song pulls back, the singer refuses to let the spirit take her, the writer sacrifices complete passion for concise structure. The same thing applies to *Citizen Ship*, a song that alludes to the bizarre energy of the Sixties without demonstrating her involvement in the moment as did songs on the first album.

Only on the title track does Patti really extend herself, only here is the sure mastery of the craft displayed in the merging of poetry and music. The song is a dialogue between a girl and another figure, maybe the Pope or Christ, it's a typically outlandish concept that Patti is able to bring off by the sheer brilliance of her vocal. In the background is a wash of piano, cello and the sounds of the ocean conjuring images of the sea as a massive impersonal force. Unlike the rest of the album, *Wave* is a song only Patti Smith could have written.

Toby Creswell



RENEE GEYER
Blues License (RCA-Mushroom)

Recorded to fulfil her contract with RCA records after signing with Mushroom, Renee has used *Blues License* to explore her musical roots with renditions of classic rhythm and blues standards by T. Bone Walker, B.B. King, Elmore James and others. She's gathered around her some of Australia's classiest musicians - Kevin Borich, Tim Piper and Mark Punch on guitar, Mal Logan on keyboards, John Annas and Steve Hopes on drums, Tim Partridge on bass and Ron King on blues harp with

Kerrie Biddell on backing vocals. It's a safe record with not much risk involved but thoroughly successful in what it does attempt.

Produced by Renee and Mal Logan and recorded at Trafalgar Studios, the album displays the feel of talented musicians who know just where and where not to fill in the musical spaces.

The opening track, B.B. King's *The Thrill Is Gone* starts with Borich's bluesy guitar acrobatics. There's a real nice sound to the guitar on this album - it's bell-like and rich. Accompanied sparsely by Kerrie Biddell, Renee's voice is full of vibrato and nuance. The song builds over six minutes, giving the musicians space to parade their wares without ever overcrowding. *That Did It Babe* is a nice strutting blues with Tim Piper on guitar. Then, surprise, surprise!! A blues track written by Borich, one of the many high moments on the album (and the only Oz original). A raunchy number with deep growling vocals.

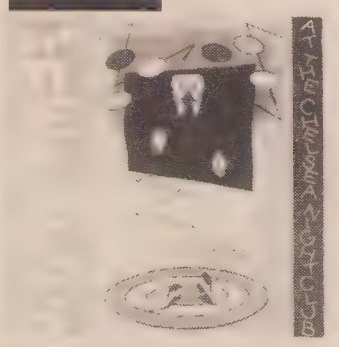
Side two starts with a succinct sax solo by Tony Buchanan on *Won't Belong*. The second track covers almost seven minutes with Mal Logan stroking the ivories and Renee stroking her vocal chords. Kerrie Biddell puts just the right touch of background vocals on tracks like *Dust My Blues*. The last track, *Feeling Is Believing*, features a beautiful guitar solo by Borich while Renee's voice drips with sensuality.

On the debit side, while Renee here proves she can sing the blues with the best of them, in the end she's like a graduate passing a student exam with flying colours. The hard part is to put the lessons one's learnt into practice, ie use old lessons in new situations. And the fact is, most of these songs have been recorded so many times before, the possibility of breaking new ground or trying new approaches is approximately zero.

For Renee Geyer and Kevin Borich fans, or just plain blues fans, it will be a nice addition to the collection, but it breaks no new ground.

A pity about the cover that negates all the realism of the blues Renee is singing. A soppy uncomplimentary photo that tells more about the art of re-touching photos than Renee Geyer, it highlights the dilemma of Australian songstresses who seem to feel that it's necessary to package themselves as a pretty product above all. Renee sings uncompromising blues and puts it in a fashion glossy sleeve. There's a contradiction in there, somewhere.

Miranda Brown



THE MEMBERS
At The Chelsea Nightclub (Virgin)

For those of you who never did believe the pundits when they said new wave was dead, here is yet another piece of ammunition to shoot them down and maintain the faith. The Members not only survived the primal chaos of 1977 but have come through with wit and an impressive punch.

The Members have two guitarists, an unusual feature for a new wave act, but it gives them greater leeway in their material. Nigel Bennett's is the tougher, providing the band with a touch of conventionally heavy guitar, while Jean-Marie Carroll (J.C. to us) opts for a tin-tone that allows him to switch from Hank Marvin to reggae.

Actually, a strong attachment to reggae pervades much of the album's eleven tracks, and is admirably demonstrated on the very first cut, *Electricity*. The only instrumental on the record, it uses the basic dub technique of heavy echo on percussion and bass while the guitars pop up with a mix of reggae scratch and rock riff.

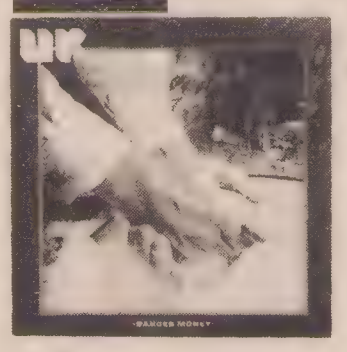
Vocalist Nicky Tesco has a fashionably acceptable West London accent that adds to the street flavour of the set and makes the whole thing that much more credible. It has been said that Tesco stands in Ian Dury's shadow but that description is as unfortunate as it is misleading because his punky phrasing is not exceptional, but is adequate for the band's needs.

The lyrics details the preoccupations and frustrations of the young British white poverty-ridden and lonely male, which would probably explain why their *The Sounds Of The Suburbs* single seems to have sunk without a trace in this country, even though it deserves the status of a classic, as entertaining a piece of desperation as you are likely to come across. *Solitary Confinement* and *Phone In Show* develop the same theme.

The album closes on an authentic 1977 feel with a live recording of *Chelsea Nightclub*. It steals the *My Generation* riff but then deliberately parodies the Britpunk thrash, right down to the inept guitar solo. Which is where these guys started, so it is a self-effacing dig.

So that is the Members - a visceral combination of guitars, bass and drums with just a touch of saxophone, producing at least one classic sleeper in a well rounded album. It deserves to do okay, but then its attitude is probably too specifically English for the likes of us.

Bill Holdsworth



U.K.
Danger Money (Polydor)

At its inception, U.K. were touted as a real live super-group, and justifiably so, looking at each member's pedigree. Since the first album, guitarist Allan Holdsworth and drummer Bill Bruford have gone their own separate ways, so the recruitment of ex-Zappa stick man Terry Bozzio now makes them a guitarless band. But, with their brand of high class rock, that doesn't inhibit U.K. at all.

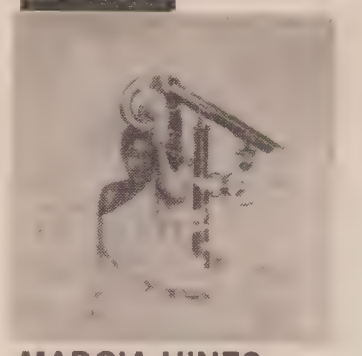
The reason for this lies with Eddie Jobson's excellent keyboards control, which ranges from blanket synthesized noise to elegant grand piano excursions. When that comes on top of a rhythm section like Bozzio and John Wetton, there is finely tuned activity aplenty. Add Wetton's voice, as smooth and luxurious as English caramel, and U.K.'s rating on the art-rock scale is commendably high.

It would be easy, upon first hearing, to write off this section or that track as being uncomfortably close to Yes, Genesis or Emerson, Lake and Palmer. That triumvirate have dominated this kind of rock for years and, yes, comparisons can be drawn. But U.K., if anything, is more a surrogate King Crimson, with its doomy progressions and multi-rhythmic complexities.

Like all those bands, U.K. cannot resist the temptation to rush headlong into excess, with lots of indulgent exaggerated showing off. Jobson's epic perambulations, for example, soemtimes fall back on the obvious to push through into overtime. Still, it is not all pomp and no circumstance. They have a vigorous, intelligent stance that works effectively on most levels, avoiding the coldness that can permeate such technical exercises.

Danger Money is not a particularly stretching album, for either the performers or the listeners, preferring to rely on the standard format of the climactic explosion and the ponderous or introspective moment linked by grand mood shifts. Which makes it eminently accessible to the fans of the aforementioned bands. One regret for me is that only one track of the six here, *Caesar's Palace Blues*, fully utilizes Jobson's extraordinary ability with the electric violin.

Bill Holdsworth



MARCIA HINES
Ooh Child (Wizard)

For the last two years, Marcia Hines has won the Queen of Pop award. The black songstress has an ace voice - strong and vibrant - that should win her a place as more than a pop entity, as a highly respected singer, but her records rarely give her the chance. With *Ooh Child*, she's missed out once again. The album, recorded at Larrabee Sound and Rush Studios in Hollywood, features a goddamn army of musicians and singers (including artists Lee Ritenour and Rick Springfield), enough to make a record around a deaf mute, or bury a singer worth her salt.

The production is exemplified by one of the most horrible covers I've ever laid eyes on, an icky illustration of Marcia clinging to what looks like an appropriately rococco style bannister (or harp?) White clouds drifting everywhere and lettering is Darrell Lea pink. Take the album out of the sleeve and you're faced with the same horrible illustration on the actual record.

Producer Robie G. Porter shows the skill of a child let loose with a full set of Derwents - one murky mess of strings, choruses, synthesisers, guitars crowded on top of one another with featured vocalists Mona Lisa and Terry Young. Marcia's voice just doesn't get a chance.

The title track of the album is a big production disco number with distorted vocals; the second track starts with a schmaltzy string section and turns into a soupy love ballad.

Side two does have a few brief happy moments. The opening track, *Dance, You Fool Dance* is a hook-full disco song which unfortunately dissolves into a swirling miasma; likewise Dragon's hit of yesteryear, *April Sun In Cuba*, which stands out with a bit of energy before a jet plane synthesiser dives into the Latin American beat of *Save The Last Dance For Me*. Whatever political guts *April Sun* ever had are successfully frothed out.

In *Where Did We Go Wrong*, Marcia's voice emerges briefly strong and emotive, before disappearing into the last track.

Ooh Child sees Marcia Hines safely esconced in MOR. A waste.

Miranda Brown

STARS
Land Of Fortune (Mushroom)

Wherein Stars take Australian rock'n'roll to its logical resting place - bushrangers, wide bluesy yonders, goldrushes and Men on The Land - sweetened up, of course, with songs about LOVE.

Ern Rose's production is totally clean to the point of sounding starched. The music is arranged with precision, full separation slicing each instrument back from its neighbours with occasionally sterile but mostly pleasing effect.

Guitarist Mal Eastick's *Gold Fever* is a rangy boogie of the type Stars have always done well crushed under a narrative about rascist hatred in the goldrush. Over a spooky midsection, strung out with effects, the vocals moan: *"Why don't we burn down Chinatown/ Why don't we run those bastards down...."*

The lion's share of tracks are written by either Eastick or fellow guitarist Andy Durant, with the whole band getting a look-in on the album's debut single *In And Out Of Love*, an unremarkable medium-paced effort. Durant has a tendency to write MOR country rock (*Last Of The Riverboats*). His best song here is *Wasted Words*, a tough, slow-paced rocker with a howling chorus and a middle section which would have profited more from a blitzkreig guitar solo than the proferred dropoff of instruments. Play it on 45 and it sounds just like Cold Chisel.

Stars' rhythm section play good and basic and their two-pronged guitar parts make what could sometimes be lightweight material sing out. Singer Mick Pealing has all the vocal goods to sock it out or croon it, but his tendency to sing too many notes, to hold those notes too long and to lean on his vibrato detracts from the natural appeal of his voice. However, on closing track *Never Coming Back* Pealing pulls out a very convicted, straightforward attack.

Anna Keys

HELLO SAILOR
Hello Sailor (EMI)

I first heard this debut album two years ago, imported in a Kiwi friend's suitcase. To a backdrop of blue beaches and sultry nights, the album's romantic style of rock won me completely. Catchy songs and New Zealand derived images of nightclubs and beaches. There's a nautical reference in every song.

Now two years later, wiser and colder (mid-winter in Sydney), the album sounds flawed and the musical style too laid back.

Recorded at Stebbing Studios, Auckland New Zealand and produced by Rob Aicken, the album, which went gold in New Zealand, is finally being released in Australia, to coincide with the band's arrival.

The production, as with many NZ records is pretty lousy. Saxophone and harmonica sound tinny, and vocals and guitar muffled - overall the sound is brassy and gutless. The strong rhythm section that pumps through every tracks, sounds brash rather than strong. This band has balls that just aren't captured here.

There are some excellent songs here, written by Graham Brazier (vocals, sax, harmonica, acoustic guitar), Dave McArtney (vocals, guitar) and Harry Lyon (vocals, guitar). McArtney's *Gutter Black* the first track on the album is a good rocker and Lyon's *Lyin' In The Sand*, verges on South Seas Luau music, with choruses lapping in the background.

Hello Sailor play rock and roll with traces of blues and jazz (maybe some Maori influence) - lots of fine saxophone and harp playing.

Tracks like *Watch Your Back* have a gumbo feel reminiscent of Dr John's *Gris Gris* album.

As an indication of what the band were on about two years ago, of their songwriting talents and musical expertise, *Hello Sailor* is good, belated news, but as a current release, it hardly rocks the boat.

Miranda Brown

Singles

THE MISSING LINK WINTER COLLECTION

Chelsea kids (For All The Bayside Boys)/I Wanna Be Your Man - La Femme

La Femme exist at the Heavy Metal end of the New Wave spectrum. The guitars avalanche over the listener, the drumming is of the archetypal meat and potatoes variety and the vocalist sings with 1977 U-R-G-E-N-C-Y. The A side represents the more uptempo of the two sides and my 18-year-old brother reckons it's every bit as good as The Victims' *Television Addict*.

Hangin' Round The House/ Holiday House - Peter Lillie & The Leisuremasters

A side is a clever pastiche of rockabilly and surf sound. The spirit of Carl Perkins, Elvis Presley, The Beach Boys and The Shadows is captured, all in under two minutes, and the lyrics are a joy to discover. The flip however tries too consciously to emulate the inspired humour of the A side. 50 out of 100.

Window To The World/Moto/ Signals - Whirlywirld

Recorded 8 months ago, Whirlywirld have progressed in leaps and bounds in the interim. This EP is a distressingly joyless example of electronic music, especially *Signals*. *Window To The World* fares best, being the most melodic.

Missing Link 45rpm Mystery Record 10" -

A side is a multi-layered rave-up, lyrics are largely incomprehensible but it matters nought. The guitars and voice soar and soar until the stylus hits the hole in the middle. Eminently hummable. B side is even more Spectorian. Exquisite harmonies and piano underpinnings. This record is packed with a wealth of ideas and gives new meaning to the phrase Wall Of Sound.

All four releases hark back to the good old days when singles tried to be decidedly different rather than plumbing for some lowest common denominator. their attempts to provide you the listener with aural gratification some of them miss, but their aim is true.

Enquiries may be directed to: Missing Link, P.O. Box 5159 AA GPO, Melbourne, Victoria.

FROM THE RECORD COs

Life Begins At The Hop - XTC (Virgin)

The first time you hear this you're sure you've heard it before. Old Wave marries New Wave, and the religion is pop. Takes you walking on a melody sweeter than that of *Are You Receiving Me*. Love those explosive handclaps. Good single from an excellent band.

Hit and Run - Jo Jo Zep & the Falcons (Mushroom)

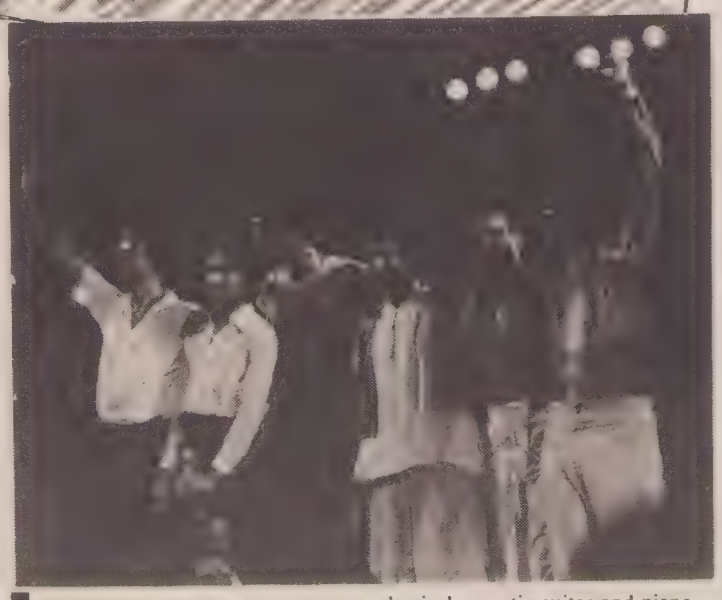
Just a little titbit from the Jo Jo/ Peter Solley collaboration to get the public tastebuds happening. A very new sound for the band, with crisp, seductive guitars running right along the front line. Australian reggae, a little like Billy T. Solley's subtlety (handclaps accenting the snare, high, just-there snips of backing vocal, deeply buried saxes) is admirable. Thoughtfully sung. B side, the live *Not A Woman Not A Child*, is a killer.

Deeper Than Love - Cheetah (EMI)

Another six-months-in-the-making Cecil B. DeMille production from Ian Meldrum, this time with a modern disco/pop sound closer to Nick Gilder than it is to Tamla Motown. Ably handled, of course, by the Hammond sisters. The weakest link in the chain is the song itself. The Crystals go disco?

Anna Keys

LIVE JOHN McLAUGHLIN & THE ONE TRUTH BAND



It usually helps to "report the facts", but how do you objectify disappointment in a concert you have, for various reasons, been looking forward to for some weeks?

By my estimate the One Truth Band played music - that is as an ensemble - for only between 40 to 60 minutes out of those two hours. The rest of the concert was taken up with a seemingless endless series of virtuoso solo pieces designed to showcase the considerable talents (read: technical proficiency) of the various band members.

The most excessive of these was a duet between L. Shankar on electric violin and John McLaughlin on acoustic guitar who sat down to play the composition *Two Sisters*. Over half an hour later I don't think they had gotten around to actually playing the piece. What ensued was a musical game - a conversation - between Shankar and McLaughlin with the two men trying to match the other's improvised phrases. But the innocent, jokey premise of the exercise could not be sustained for that long. To be sure, the Indian musician wooed the crowd with his bright eyes, some excellent fast and powerful percussion on tambourine, and an inspired scat-Indian vocal duet with John but these bursts were never sustained for more than a few moments. The end result was frustrating.

Much of the soloing *was* excellent, particularly Fernando Saunder's measured - and concise - statement on his Fender Precision bass. It's just that the great blowing strengths of this band as an ensemble were under-utilised and even the pieces on which the band did step out - such as the best piece of the night *Electric Dreams/Electric Sighs* - were structurally marred by solos which saw the accompaniment fade away to the rhythm section. In this piece there was a complete break at one stage while a mike was set up for McLaughlin's guitar-banjo solo. It was difficult to remember that the exquisite classical acoustic guitar and piano theme which began the piece was the same as the electric guitar and piano theme which ended it.

Ultimately it was the rhythm section which gave direction and continuity to the music. The blowing strengths of The One Truth Band are founded in the overpowering, infectious poly-rhythms set up by drummer Tony Smith and percussionist Alyira Lima. McLaughlin himself met their challenge with some furious lines - sharp clusters of notes where rhythm dominated melody. At times he smiled wildly, at others - his face taut - his eyes turned inward, he would suddenly throw his head back, wild eyes scanning the distant dome of the theatre for inspiration. But I am not certain that he always foudn it.

The State Theatre concert was the first on this Australian tour. The band returns to Sydney on July 16 and in the meantime play most Australian capitals.

Andrew Quaver

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Dolly Parton
16 Festival Hall, Melbourne
18 Hordern Pavilion, Sydney

XTC
with Flowers & Numbers
July
20 Marconi Club
21 Flicks
22 Stagedoor
25 Ambassador

Dragon
July
13 Newcastle Inn
14 Nepean Soccer Club

Matchbox
July
13 Pickled Parrot
14 Balmain Town Hall
15 Swansea Workers
16 Sundowner Hotel

The Hitmen
July
13 Wesley College
14 Coogee Bay Hotel
15 Bondi Lifesaver
18 Fairfield Hotel
19 Bondi Lifesaver
20 Caringbah Inn
21 Civic Hotel
25 Wollongong Uni (arvo)
Fairfield Hotel (nite)
26 Bondi Lifesaver
27 Local Inn

Skyhooks
July
13 Sylvania Hotel
14 Bondi Lifesaver

Jo Jo Zep
July
13 Flicks
14 Blacktown Showgrounds (arvo)
Fairfield Hotel (nite)
15 Bondi Lifesaver

Numbers
July
13 Wesley College (arvo)
Lifesaver (nite)
14 Cardiff Soccer Club
15 Sydney Cove Tavern
17 Frenchs
18 Lifesaver
19 Caringbah Inn

Hello Sailor
July
13 Royal Antler
14 Balmain Town Hall
15 Sydney Cove Tavern
18 Sylvania Hotel
19 Fairfield Hotel
20 Bayview Tavern
21 Bondi Lifesaver
22 Swansea Workers
23 Mt Pleasant Sports Club
24 A.N.U.
25 La Trobe Uni (Melb)
26-29 Melbourne

Loaded Dice
July
13 Civic
14 Royal Antler
16 Strata
17 Strata
19 Lifesaver
20 Civic
21 Sylvania Hotel
23 Strata
24 Strata
26 La Trobe Uni (lunch)
Sahara Sands (nite)
27 Bottom Line

Young Modern
July
13 Lifesaver
20 Stagedoor
21 Rags

Flowers
July
24 Pleasures
25 Comb'n'Cutter
26 Fairfield Hotel
27 Sylvania Hotel

Blades
July
24 Rags
25 Fairfield Hotel
26 Newcastle Uni
27 Bel Air Hotel

Mi-Sex
July
13 Stagedoor
14 Sydney Cove Tavern
16-22 Melbourne
23 Strata
25 Sylvania Hotel

Dr Feelgood
July
18 Revesby Workers
19 Manly Flicks
20 Royal Antler
21 Stagedoor Tavern
24 Aust. National Uni, Canberra
26 Caulfield Tech, Melbourne
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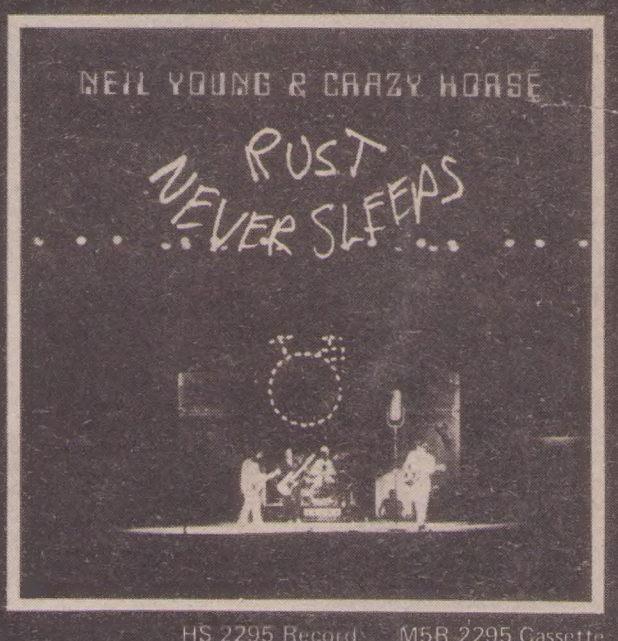

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